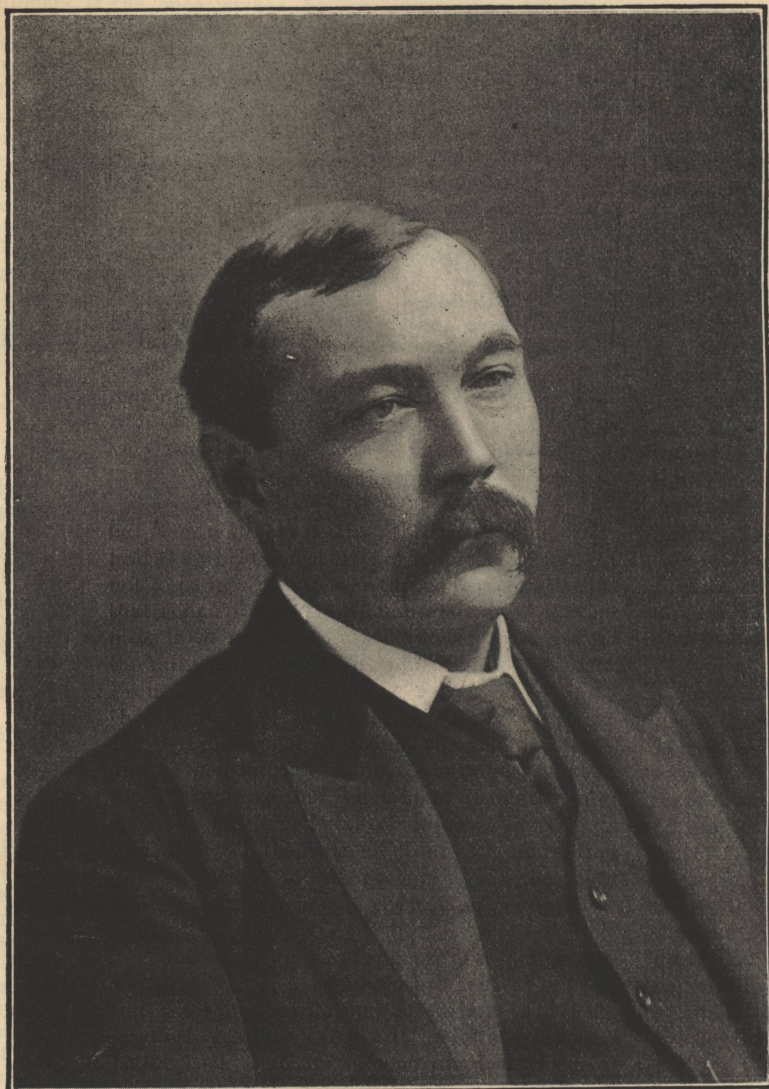


OUR AMERICAN MAIL

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA



[From a Photograph specially taken for
THE YOUNG MAN by
MARTIN & SALLON, 415, Strand, W.C.]

*Yours very truly
Alonan Doyle.*

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

DR. CONAN DOYLE: A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE first impression which one takes of Conan Doyle is that of strength, and the more one knows of him the more dominant does the impression become. He is at the furthest possible remove from the traditional conception of the author, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He might readily be taken for a person of seafaring experiences, an ex-soldier of the Guards, a Central African explorer, an adventurer and sportsman worthy of the comradeship of Mr. Selous, or indeed anything implying a life of resolute and daring action. And in conveying this impression, Nature does not lie. Edward Fitzgerald, in one of his delightful letters, speaks of the substantial goodness of the peasantry, as being the "funded virtue" of generations of sturdy and much-enduring men and women. There must be a good deal of funded manliness in Conan Doyle, for he comes of a fighting race. If I am not misinformed, no fewer than five of his family fought at Waterloo. He himself has had a career calling for very high qualities of courage, and no one who knows him can doubt that in a life of stirring action he would display fine elements, and find a theatre admirably adapted to his tastes.

The blunt honesty and manliness of his nature come out in all he does and says. He forms clear and straightforward judgments on men and things, and expresses them with fearless frankness. He will never be a partisan, or a member

of a literary clique. He will never go out of his way to win an audience, or even to conciliate a prejudice. He once told me that he had no faith whatever in criticism, and thought that in the long run neither adulation nor depreciation had much to do with the fortunes of a book. A book might be puffed into notoriety, but never into

fame: it might be neglected or depreciated, but if it deserved fame it would assuredly win it. His faith was not in the professional critics, but in the great public itself, which had a shrewd idea as to what suited it, and after all bought not what the critics liked, but what *it* liked. Moreover, the public did not need to be told that a book was good: it found it out for itself, and not all the mob of gentlemen who write with ease could prevent that discovery, though occasionally they might do something to accelerate it. For whatever else he is not, Conan Doyle is a very ardent democrat, with the most complete faith in the people, not merely

in the matter of the soundness of their general judgment on books, but also in all the great questions of social welfare, and political life and progress.

My first acquaintance with Conan Doyle's writings began with *Micah Clarke*, which I esteemed then, and still think to be, his finest book. In this opinion he himself would not agree. It is well known that he prefers the *White Company*. I suspect, however, that this



AT THE AGE OF FOUR.



AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

preference arises from a vivid memory of the laborious pains by which the *White Company* was begotten, and of the hundred and fifty books of hard historical reading which were needed for its production. It is a habit of authors to think the book which costs them most toil their best book; whereas the reverse is often true, and the finest book is that which is written rapidly, in some gracious mood of temper, when the imagination works with ease and harmony, and labour is forgotten in delight. *Micah Clarke* is such a book. Canon Prothero once declared that it presented a finer picture of West Country life and character than *Lorna Doone*; at all events, we may grant that it deserves to rank with Mr. Blackmore's masterpiece as one of the best books of the century. But it is, in a more accurate sense than can be claimed for *Lorna Doone*, a great historical novel, wrought out with a fine consistence, with fidelity and insight and true literary craftsmanship. It is alike excellent as a piece of historical exposition, and as a striking and picturesque narrative. It gives an intensely interesting and sympathetic study of Puritanism in its disorganization: persecuted, dismembered, suspected, impotent, yet still cherishing the old fire in its heart, still leaping to the clarion-cry of liberty, and ready at a moment's notice to sharpen the rusty swords that had tasted blood at Naseby, and to fight stubbornly with all the ancient valour of the Ironside. Occasionally, too, the story sparkles into

terse aphorisms which express the very spirit of Puritanism. It is the authentic Cromwellian who speaks in Master Stephen Timewell, Mayor of Taunton, when he says, "God's wrath comes with leaden feet, but it strikes with iron hands. It is not for us to instruct Him." When I closed the book, I felt that the writer of it must needs be a man of serious thought. I felt, also, that he was an artist, who knew how to treat a great theme as it deserved, and yet to treat it with a brilliance of narrative power which made it fascinating as a mere story. As a study it deserved the attention of serious readers. As an historical story it was the highest bid that had been made for popularity since Charles Reade published the *Cloister and the Hearth*.

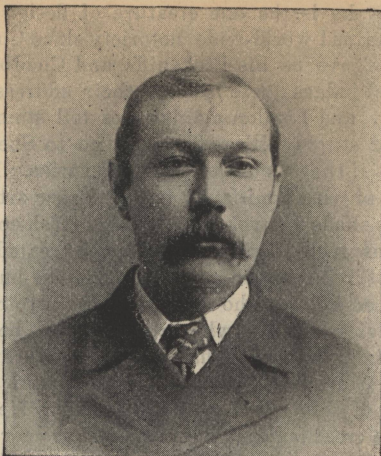
There will be no divergence of opinion as to Conan Doyle's faculty for telling a story, and with him it is not merely a faculty but a faith. We were talking once of a book, the first half-dozen chapters of which pass without anything happening. Such incident as there is might easily have been compressed into a single chapter of moderate dimensions, instead of which the thin stream of narrative trickles away over fifty pages.

"That is fatal," he said. "The first object of a novelist is to tell a tale. If he has no story to tell, what is he there for? Possibly he has something to say which is worth saying, but he should say it in another form."

I told him that I had once seen a couple of school-boys waiting their turn to read one of his stories, each one jealously measuring the minutes during which the other held the book. What was it that fascinated them? Obviously the story. The school-boy likes brisk movement, clear narrative, fine incident, and is impatient of prologues by the way. The conversation recalled to me, perhaps also to him, a fragment of discussion at an earlier period, when he said, "There is no finer judge of the merits of a story, as a story, than the British school-boy. I should be very well pleased to write for the applause of the school-boy, for what the school-boy likes the majority of readers will like too." Here, again, we hear the democratic note which is distinctive of Dr. Doyle. Of course he did not mean to say, nor do I mean to imply, that the only test of a novel is narrative power, and that the school-boy should be the chief judge of literature. The man who writes a great story cannot help impregnating it with many ideas that are beyond the range of the school-boy. But Mr. Doyle's point was that the chief quality of a story is that it shall be a story, and not a pamphlet or sermon disguised in the attire of ineffective fiction. In this respect, at least, he himself has shown a splendid mastery. No one tells a tale better: few with anything like the same degree of succinctness, of

dramatic movement, and sometimes of dramatic intensity.

It is characteristic of the modesty and sound judgment of Conan Doyle that he should have so clear a conception of his own powers and limitations. It is no reflection upon his great merits to say that he is not a student of words in the sense that Walter Pater or Robert Louis Stevenson are students. We do not search his pages for the happy phrase, the ingenious collocation of unfamiliar words, the quaintness and harmony of sentences which linger in the memory as much by their subtlety as their originality. In reading Mr. Stevenson one knows not which to admire most—the splendid episode, or the ingenious phrasing in which it is conveyed. Conan Doyle offers us few felicities of this kind. If they come they are natural and spontaneous, and in any case they are rare. But, on the other hand, the style is always direct, simple, and unstrained. It can rise also into passion when occasion calls for it. There are few finer bits of narrative, on a small scale, than the description of Waterloo given in the *Great Shadow*. In dealing with soldiers, sailors, and men of action, he is always at his best. As far as research can make a book perfect and accurate, he will never spare pains to get the right lights for his picture. It is to his



AT TWENTY-EIGHT.



AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-TWO.

great advantage that he has had a thorough training in medical science, for it has taught him the art of thoroughness in all that he does. This thoroughness is finely illustrated in the opening chapters of *The Refugees*, which give as clear a picture of the French Court as one can fairly hope or even wish for. Every touch is laid on with knowledge, and every page has meant research. Indeed, it may be said that no writer of our time has a better natural equipment for the rôle of historical romancer. What is chiefly wanted in such a writer is patience, simplicity of style, power of invention, an imagination that can harmonise details, and a temper that can be attuned to the spirit of a time. Perhaps the last is the chief gift. To get at the spirit of a period needs something of the same spirit in a writer. One of the stories Conan Doyle has been known to tell is of an old Waterloo veteran, from whom he asked a description of the great fight. The old man put all he knew into a phrase. He said that when the French came on against the British square for the second time, the cry of the British Infantry was, "Why, here come those blessed fools again!" The amusing arrogance of this speech is delicious. But it is an arrogance which Conan Doyle himself would have felt, and it is this touch of kinship which makes him tell the story of Waterloo so finely.

I have touched in the main upon Conan Doyle's more serious work, because it is by that he should be judged, and would wish to be judged. It is no sort of secret that the creator of Sherlock Holmes has grown a little impatient of the attention given to that nimble-witted gentleman, and that he displayed an eagerness to hurry him off the stage of action which certainly was not justified by the impatience or hostility of the audience. No author, however, need be ashamed of Sherlock Holmes. So far as I can

recollect, he is the one creature of fiction who has attained world-wide notoriety since Charles Dickens gave us his Pecksniffs and Chadbands. Colonial judges quote him in their addresses to the jury, and London magistrates tell stammering and stupid police-officers to go to Sherlock Holmes if they would be clever and wise. He is spoken of with familiarity in newspaper articles, and his shade is invoked with every fresh episode of undiscovered crime. He is even treated as a real and living person, and victims of the burglar have been known who were quite ready to retain his services, if his whereabouts could be discovered. There is no character of Rudyard Kipling or Stevenson who has attained more than a tithe of this world-wide popularity. He is a genuine creation, and to create a character that lives before the minds of all sorts and conditions of men needs a species of power very closely allied to genius.

No doubt the detective story can never be other than one of the lower forms of art, but it is instructive to notice how futile and feeble all other stories of the kind appear by contrast with *Sherlock Holmes*. It is the ingenuity and verisimilitude of the Holmes stories which arrest us. Even when they deal with the most palpable improbabilities they persuade the imagination. In one or two of them the ingenuity is really superb. Then, also, there is just that flavour of science, that touch of method, which gives them an interest even for the serious reader. In this respect Conan Doyle's master is Edgar Allan Poe. The art of deduction was never carried to a finer point than by Poe. The entire principle of his wonderful stories is to build up, out of trifles, an imposing structure of deduction, which is everywhere regulated by a logic so acute, an observation so searching, and an imagination so powerful, that the total result is an artistic whole of unsurpassed excellence. But, as we know, the method of Sherlock Holmes owes as much to the suggestions of an actual experience in the writer's life as to Poe: perhaps far more. At all events, the fact remains that there are only two writers who have ever given the detective story the excellence of real art, and they are Poe and Conan Doyle. This is no mean praise, for Poe is the greatest inventor, the most ingenious and imaginative artist who has ever handled the short story, and especially the detective story. We should be sorry to suppose that Conan Doyle's name was destined to be linked alone to the detective story; but it is only fair to admit that he is the first English writer since Poe who has treated it with a touch of real genius, and considering the difficulty of the task, this is one of the most remarkable achievements of modern fiction.

Something of this gift of ingenuity which has

lifted the stories of Sherlock Holmes into such remarkable popularity is probably hereditary. In Mr. Doyle's house at Norwood are many water-colour drawings, executed by his father, which display a fantastic and phenomenal power of invention. Some of them suggest the most sombre visions of William Blake, others his more delicate fancies. But in all of them there is a certain richness of invention, and while the charm of both form and colour is not wanting, the real force of their attraction lies in this astonishing ingenuity of design. In Conan Doyle there is the same gift, but working in another medium. I might almost add the same limitations of gift, for in his work, as in his father's, form and colour do not count for so much as powerful and often startling invention. The vein of the fantastic is very distinct in him, and should not be too closely worked. Happily in him the vein runs through a solid body of common sense; or, to speak without metaphor, the faculty of mere invention, which may easily be nurtured into excess, is balanced by great soundness of judgment and wide knowledge of life.

I have already spoken of Conan Doyle's democratic sympathies; perhaps I should add that his imperial instincts are equally strong. They do not take the form of an unreasoning Jingoism, but of a deep and enduring pride in the position and prospects of the Anglo-Saxon race. And under that term he would include the great peoples of America. He loses no opportunity of impressing it upon the popular imagination that the best thing for the peace and prosperity of the whole world is a firm alliance between Great Britain and America. From Mr. Kipling's view of the Americans he wholly dissents, and thinks it wrong both in temper and method. "But I love them," said Mr. Kipling; "and it is because I love them that I point out their defects." "Love should be patient of faults," is Conan Doyle's reply. "A nation is not born in a day. It has to learn many things, and to unlearn more. Give it time, and it will grow; but it will not help its true growth to be perpetually irritating a nation with a caustic satire." In such a contention Conan Doyle is undoubtedly right. America has no warmer friend and no fairer judge than he. When he crosses the Atlantic in the autumn to fulfil his lecturing engagements in the United States, he should receive the heartiest of welcomes. It is by such men that the bond of sympathy is woven which holds nations together more surely than protocols and treaties, and they are the true ambassadors of peace between great peoples.

When a man finds himself in the freshness of his years set free from the embarrassments of a profession, and engaged on tasks which draw out his best powers, we have a right to expect for

him a notable career. Conan Doyle is not a man who takes a light or mercenary view of the profession of letters. He believes that he who would truly fulfil the vocation of a literary artist must find in that vocation his entire life. He must be free from distraction, from the excitement of money-making, from the mixture of pursuits which is so common among us to-day. And with Conan Doyle these are not merely speculative beliefs, but they are the spirit of his life. Success has not injured the fine democratic simplicity of the man. The excitement of the race for fame has never blinded him to the excellence of artists very different from himself. No man has ever heard Conan Doyle speak an ill-natured word of a brother artist. No one ever will. He is a man whose character is wrought out upon a plan of great simplicity and strength, and there is no room in his nature for any meanness. His special gifts are ingenuity and imagination, but these are only gifts of the mind. A finer gift still is the large charity which governs all his views of men and things, and the simple earnestness with which he believes in all things



DR. CONAN DOYLE TO-DAY.

At work in his Study at Norwood.

manly, honest, and of good report. Such a man should not only produce books in which the spirit of a past heroism is embodied, but he should be a steadying influence in the whirl and tumult of new literary tendencies, as also amid the confusion of ideals, which is inevitable with the emergence of a new democratic period.

W. J. DAWSON.

* * Our readers will be interested to learn that DR. CONAN DOYLE is now at work upon a new story which is to appear in the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE YOUNG MAN.

A FULLY illustrated article on "Hesba Stretton at Home" appears in *The Young Woman* for July. Mrs. Esler, the author of *The Way they Loved at Grimpat*, contributes a complete story; Mrs. E. R. Pennell writes an account of a Bicycling Tour through Transylvania; Mrs. Boyd Carpenter, the wife of the Bishop of Ripon, gives "A Plain Talk about Plain Cookery"; Miss Frances E. Willard continues the story of

her life, and there are many other attractive features. (Partridge & Co., 3d.)

THE angels from their thrones on high
Look down on us with wondering eye;
That where we are but passing guests
We build our strong and solid nests;
But where we seek to dwell for aye
We scarce take heed a stone to lay.

—FROM THE GERMAN.

"JACK AND JILL."

By G. B. BURGIN,
Author of "*His Lordship*," etc.

His name wasn't "Jill" at all, but when he acquired the habit of addressing the lift-boy at "The Megatherium" office as "Mr. Jack," some one, in a fit of irresponsible and unreflective mirth, dubbed him "Jill," and Jill he remained to the end of the chapter.

Jill had a meek, shining face and mouse-like ears, which twitched under the influence of excitement, although nothing short of an earthquake could rouse him. He was thirteen, and Jack was fourteen. In worldly wisdom, Jill was a baby; in Mephistophelian guile and Machiavellian diplomacy, Jack was a hundred. Jack looked like a juvenile Bismarck, if a juvenile Bismarck ever wore a tight chocolate suit efflorescing into buttons on every imaginable pretext. Jack also had a cap on which he sported in letters of red and gold the word "Megatherium." He didn't know what it meant, but took it for granted. He was in the habit of taking many things, and included this also. As an instance of his diplomatic powers, I may mention that I once gave him a magazine to read, out of which I had previously torn a story of my own. Jack read the magazine, and returned it to me with a sigh. He must evidently have studied the list of contents.

"What's the matter?" I asked sceptically. (Jack was always wanting a shilling for his birthday, letting his last sixpence roll down the gutter, or inventing some pretext for the extraction of "tips" from the unwary.) "Aren't the stories good?"

"Oh, yussir, they're good enough, but they ain't what I wanted;" and his face expressed more sorrow than I had ever seen there before, except when the powers refused, which they did periodically, to increase his weekly stipend.

"Then, what *do* you want?"

"Your story ain't there, sir. *That's* what I wanted." He laid down the magazine with a disgusted air, and walked out. Consequently, when he required a grant of four and sixpence to go down to Folkestone for a day's excursion, I did not feel justified in refusing it.

My first introduction to Jill was one foggy morning. Jack flung open the door with a crash, and yelled out my name until I leapt three feet from the editorial chair. To this day Jack has not grasped the fact that in social circles the servant does not call out the name of the person wanted, but announces a caller by his own name. Consequently, when any one wanted to see me, it

was Jack's invariable custom to slam back the door suddenly, and yell out like a Comanche Indian on the war-path, "Mr. Sterangways" (I may remark, in parenthesis, that my name is "Strangeways," but Jack prefers the added syllable). The higher I jumped, the better he liked it.

"Well, what is it?" I asked testily.

"A party, sir. To see you, sir," said Jack, in tones full of pitying surprise that any one could possibly want to see me. I had declined to pass his accounts the day before.

"Who's giving a party—oh, it's this, is it?"

"Yus, this," said Jack, growing purple; "he wants to be a——"

"Not an angel, surely?"

"No, sir; a orifice boy, sir. There ain't too much of 'im, is there, sir?" said Jack, surveying Jill with lofty scorn.

"That's nothing to do with you, Jack. Go to the—*the lift*."

"Yus, sir," said Jack, and retreated. He had hoped to have been called names, and had his pocket-book out ready to make a note of the date. I always allowed him a penny for each occasion at the end of the week. Sometimes I think Jack exaggerated those pennies. He produced his book for Christmas week, without any deductions, although I was away for five days and a half.

All this time Jill stood nervously regarding me with soft, timid eyes. "Where do you come from?" I asked.

Jack left his lift, and came back to act as sponsor. "He's a sort of orphan, sir."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Mother's dead, and father's runned away 'cos he's 'wanted,'" Jack winked suggestively.

Jill nodded affirmatively, and said yes to everything. His references were strongly negative in character. They all laid stress on his quietness. "Slow but quiet" was the favourite expression. So I engaged him, and he crept about the office, copying letters upside-down, and disguising himself with ink in such a way that Jack had to rub him with blotting paper just to keep the walls clean, Jill meekly standing still, and saying "Thank you, sir," at intervals. He was the quietest boy I ever met, and he never asked questions. If he didn't understand you, he went straight ahead just the same, and had to do it all over again. The only thing which appeared to surprise him was when he grasped the



"'WAS YOU A-LOOKIN' FOR OUR MR. JILL, SIR?'"
HE ASKED WITH PERFECT UNCONSCIOUSNESS."

meaning of an order at once. But he was such a quiet, shy, lovable little fellow, that I used to let him sit at a small desk in my room, and watch him furtively nibble biscuits in a mouse-like manner for his scanty lunch.

A fortnight after Jill's arrival, I happened to say, "I'm going out to lunch, and want some more coals." When I reached the top of the street I heard timid footfalls beside me, and found Jill pattering along without his cap.

"What is it?" I asked. "Any one want me? Anything the matter?"

Jill stopped. "No, sir; nothink's the matter."

"Where's your cap?"

"In the orfice."

"Why didn't you put it on?"

"I hadn't 'ardly time, sir."

"Why not?"

"'Cos you wanted me."

"I wanted you!"

"Yessir."

"What for?"

"To 'elp you carry the coals, sir."

I stopped in busy Fleet Street. "Are you under the impression, Jill, that an editor buys his coals by the sack?"

"Yessir."

"And that he goes out at mid-day to fetch them himself?"

"Yessir."

"Thank you; that's all I wanted to know. I'll bring them myself. Don't come out again without your cap."

"Yessir," said Jill, and ran away back to the office.

A few days later, a change came over Jack's attitude towards Jill. Jill's attitude towards Jack never changed under any circumstances; it was always that of reverential admiration. In the present instance, the change arose out of Jack's Rothschild-like desire for wealth. Jill went out to fetch my lunch. Jack had formerly fetched it, and invariably received an eleemosynary penny for his service. If he didn't get it, he put down twopence in his book, so it was cheaper to give him a penny at once.

When the door opened, Jack appeared with the lunch, and lingered around expectantly, ready to enter the amount in his book if I didn't pay up.

"What were you scuffling about out there for?" I asked Jill.

Jill wiped away a tear. "Mr. Jack shoved me agin the wall, and collared my tray, sir."

"Why?"

"He said he'd knock my bloomin' 'ead off, and make a corpse of me, if I took his perks," replied Jill, proudly conscious of his great exemplar's flow of language.

I gave Jill a penny. He immediately, and as a matter of course, handed the coin to Jack, who

pocketed it in triumph, regarding Jill with supreme contempt.

The next morning the weather became bitterly cold. Jill crept into the office without an overcoat, looking blue all over.

"Where's your coat?" I asked.

"I ain't got one, sir."

"What?"

"No, sir."

"Aren't you half dead with cold?"

"I—I ain't warm, sir."

I scribbled off a few lines. "Warm yourself at the fire, and then run back with this to the superintendent of the home. (Jill came from a home for working boys.) Don't come to-morrow until you get your overcoat. I shan't want you to-day."

"Yessir."

The next morning I was the unwitting spectator of a little comedy. Jill struggled up the steps in an overcoat which nearly touched the ground. Jack caught sight of him. Anger, incredulity, disgust, crept over his expressive face by turns. He advanced with exaggerated respect, touching his cap *à la militaire* to the trembling little fellow. "Was you a-lookin' for our Mr. Jill, sir?" he asked with perfect unconsciousness.

Jill gazed up with tearful eyes into his idol's face, but made no answer.

A faint flicker of comprehension flitted over Jack's face. "Oh, I see. Excoos me, sir. Mr. Jill's oldest brother, ain't it?"

"It's me, Mr. Jack," piped poor little Jill.

"I dessay it is, sir; but as I don't reckernize who you are in that conspishus coat, sir, p'raps you'll come up in my lift, sir."

Jill followed Jack with delighted face. Jack nimbly jumped in, slammed to the iron door, and hissed out in sepulchral tones, "You dare to put that 'ere Guy Faux coat in my lift, and I'll knock the stuffin' out of yer." Then he rapidly ascended, leaving Jill on the brink.

Every month we had tea going in the office. People liked to drop in—men and women—and chat. Jack approved of this immensely. So did Jill. At first he was very shy, but "the lady" (our charwoman) who made the tea was very good to Jill. She always brought him a clean paper collar, and washed his face in the slop-basin before the proceedings began. (We didn't find this out until later, or we should have objected to the slop-basin being used for such a purpose.) Jill after this was very presentable, and rapidly became a favourite. The only occasion on which I ever knew him to be impatient was once when about forty people all wanted tea at the same time, one old lady being especially clamorous. Jill stopped in his mouse-like career, looked at her reproachfully, and said in gentle, matter-of-fact tones, "You've 'ad five cups already, mum!"

But he brought her another, as if perfectly unconscious of having given offence, and was meekly solicitous that she should do justice to the office muffins.

One day Jill began to think—quietly, of course. Jill never made a noise about anything. He must have come to the conclusion that one of the secrets of Jack's greatness was hidden in the lift. During that worthy's absence for dinner, Jill crept quietly into the lift, and began to play with it. When Jack returned from dinner, he heard a feeble voice, "Mr. Jack, please, Mr. Jack," and rushed to the lift. Then he ran upstairs and burst into my room, white-faced, out of breath, gasping.

"What is it, Jack? Haven't I told you to come in quietly?"

"Yessir; but that bloomin' little idiot's been and jammed hisself in the lift, sir."

"Who has?"

"Jill, sir," and Jack rushed down again.

We got Jill out at last (he didn't even groan), with one leg smashed to a jelly, and took him off

in a cab to the hospital. But the shock to his system was too great, and he never rallied. He was quite happy in his little white bed at the hospital, placidly following all Jack's movements with contented eyes. Even at the last he didn't say anything to Jack, but just timidly put one arm round his neck, as if taking a great liberty with so gorgeous a being, and ceased to breathe. He was buried three days later, and Jack put a band of crape over one arm of his smart uniform, and secured a new boy for the office.

The new boy, however, was not interested in literature; he preferred marbles—not the Elgin ones, but more ordinary kinds. Jack regarded him with stern disapprobation. "Ah, sir," he said once, "'e ain't like our Jill, 'e ain't." He glanced at the crape on his arm. "Just as I was a-trainin' of 'im, too, sir," he said; "ten and six for seven lunches last week, sir," and walked away sorrowfully, without going through the empty formality of returning me sixpence change.

THREE MINUTES WITH MR. RUSKIN.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly sends us an account of a brief conversation with Mr. Ruskin which is very interesting, as showing the infinite pains he takes to make his writings as perfect as possible. "Some years ago," writes "E.R.," "I was staying as a friend with Professor Ruskin at Brantwood. In one of our many interesting conversations, I remember I happened to say that to me it always seemed, when reading his books, from the easy way the sentences followed, so smoothly and naturally—like the flow of water in a river—that it was quite an easy matter to him to write them.

"My dear sir," he said, "you have no idea of the labour and pain it is to me to write these books of mine, that seem to you so easy. I will show you a great writer's work, who could write as easily—as you have justly said—as the flow of water in a river."

"He rose from his chair, and taking out of a drawer of his study-table the MS. copy of Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, he put it in my hand, and said, 'Examine that: it is just as

Scott wrote it, in his own neat, clear hand. It was a bound volume of MS. about 12 in. by 9 in., and as I reverently turned over the pages, I noticed how free it was from erasures or added words, many pages being altogether free from alterations.

"Now," he said, 'look at that,' and he put in my hand the manuscript of that month's *Fors*, which he had just finished. 'You will scarcely find one sentence as it was first written.' And so it proved—words crossed out, and others put in their places, and sometimes whole sentences re-arranged, and this right through the whole copy. There was certainly a wonderful difference between Scott's copy and Ruskin's in this respect. But I ventured to suggest, that if Scott had been writing *Fors*, instead of tales of imagination, the appearance of his copy might have been different.

"Nonsense!" he said. 'Scott would have written *Fors*, and have left as clean copy as that you have been looking at.'

To go forth out of self, to have all the hidden wealth of feeling of which I am capable called forth towards others, and to receive back again this wealth redoubled in reciprocated affection and increased power of loving—this is to live wisely and well; not to do this is to eliminate from life all that makes it most truly human, all that makes it most really valuable.—PHILLIPS BROOKS.

LIFE is too short to waste

In critic peep or cynic bark,

Quarrel or reprimand;

'Twill soon be dark.—EMERSON.

If there be one thing upon earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man; it is a man who dares look the devil in the face and tell him he is a devil.—JAMES A. GARFIELD.

MY FIRST SERMON.

VI.—By ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

IT is a curious experience to trace the lines of your life back to the roots, and to discover how much was determined for you before you attempted or were able to determine anything for yourself. The call to the ministry might seem to be of all things the most personal, and yet, as Jeremiah found on reflection, that call is often sent before the "elect vessel" is formed, or even conceived. Standing, as I do myself, in a third generation of preachers, I make much allowance for heredity. To heredity I should attribute a certain impulse to preach while I was yet a child in frocks. My first sermon, strictly speaking, was preached in vestments of that description. The scene is still before me—a small London parlour, with a recess leading into an adjoining room, a chair turned inwards into the recess, a sofa-pillow balanced on the chair back, doubtfully supporting books—Bible, Prayer-Book, hymn-book, it mattered not what, for the officiating minister was bound to be extemporary, as he had not yet the art of reading. I see the audience—an old, whitehaired man, with a grave smile upon his face, in the armchair by the fireside; an elderly lady, whose smile was apt to broaden into laughter, which required correction, and the maids, or men, I forget which, in the background. The officiating minister came from behind the curtains and solemnly ascended the pulpit. He preached rather to amusement than to edification. If he were as amusing now he would indeed be a "popular" minister. The text and the subject escape me, but I remember the illustrations were of a varied character, ranging through heaven and earth; for one sentence comes back to me, after nearly five and thirty years—"The moon is very large, much larger than it looks; it is as large as"—and then the temporary pause and embarrassment of the orator, who is anxious to remain within the bounds of severe truth—"as large as that round table," pointing to the red-clothed table in the centre of the room.

To heredity, too, I should attribute the strange desire to deliver my soul when I heard an eloquent speaker, even though there was nothing to say. Again and again the fancy came in those days, when "the thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts," that I was pleading with a great audience, touching them with mystical influences from the unseen, winning, transforming, the souls of men.

Heredity, however, gives only the instrument, the nervous adaptation, the mental tendencies. The call to the ministry is a thing apart. I was sixteen before I found my way to any personal rest in Christ; and my first

sermon, strictly speaking, was preached in my nineteenth year. I had just left Shrewsbury School, and in the autumn was to go up to Oxford. It was in many ways a crisis in my life. I am thankful now that in the crisis that critical step was taken.

First let me describe the sanctuary. It was a little chapel attached to a country house, where many happy summers had been spent in childhood. My uncle had formed the chapel of two or three buildings about the house, so that, small as it was, it had a certain involved and articulated irregularity. It had a nave, transept, and chancel, of a quaint and curious kind, small, unexpected galleries, corners, recesses; there were two pulpits, and a curtain could be let down to shut off a part of the sanctuary for smaller services. It was all covered with decorations: texts of Scripture painted on the beams, allegorical devices in the windows, on the doors, in the vestries, everywhere. A skylight was above the main pulpit, so that the sun fell on the preacher. The floor was not all on the same level; a few steps conducted the worshippers from the lower plateau to the higher. The whole structure might hold two hundred people. But it was never tested, for the scattered hamlets round had no superfluous population of worshippers, and most of the attendants were almoners, in one form or another, of the House.

It all comes back to me very distinctly as I write: the old stone-breaker, named Jesse, who came in late and stood rooted to the ground as he chanced to hear the lesson read about "David the son of Jesse," deriving his best religious impressions from the fact that his own name was written in the Book; the farm labourer, clean for Sunday, but smelling of the soil, and very sleepy; the village maidens, with hats which had once been in fashion; the shoemaker, who would have appeared in his place among Cromwell's soldiers; the carpenter, the small farmer, the old women bordering on parish-pay. How many were present on the occasion of my first sermon I do not remember. My object was to wake them all up, and to keep them awake; whether I succeeded has escaped my memory. I remember only that to raise the voice to a high key and keep it up was even more soporific than the softest whisper; and I learnt early that to secure attention it is necessary to make an active pose compulsory.

The subject of the sermon was the close of Ecclesiastes—"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." How like early youth!

At eighteen we hurry to the end, and sum things up in the most approved dogmas. At thirty-eight we find ourselves at the beginning, toilsomely and yet eagerly content with certain apparently small results of thought and life and prayer. I remember very little about the sermon, nor have I any curiosity to search for the notes, even if they exist. But a dear old friend who was present congratulated me on my orthodoxy, and said he was glad to find one preacher who was not afraid to dwell on the fires of hell. This recollection survives—for the remark moved a doubt in my mind. I had spoken about the eternal torments of the lost in a sincere, but quite conventional manner. I had not, of course, realised what I meant. Which of us does at eighteen? We employ the most splendid materials for the commonest purposes. We are prepared to use the coronet of a hundred kings for the chance sport of a summer day. After all, life consists almost entirely of trying to interpret, and to attach the due importance to, things which at the first we took for granted, and handled with the careless ease of a baby who takes up a priceless chronometer to amuse itself with the ticking, and afterwards, if allowed, to facilitate the process of cutting teeth. Up to that point I had hardly realised that any preacher would dream of foregoing that most potent weapon in his armoury, the threat of damnation. And the approbation of my old friend opened my mind, as I say, to a doubt. There were, then, some who spoke with bated breath and an uncertain sound about myriads of their fellowmen being prolonged in endless and intolerable torture by the merciful God?

That one episode of the sermon comes back to me. The rest is quite forgotten. But this is enough to make me very indifferent about finding the MS. I have sermons written years later—after my ministry was well begun—which I cannot read; they are humiliating and painful. As the splendid face of truth emerges out of the shadows and lights up with the smile of the morning, one is ashamed of the idle talk, the ignorant tradition, the half apologetic arguments, which did duty in the period before the dawn.

One thing, however, does abide—the thought in the preacher's mind the following day. It is very singular, and even ludicrous. There was, I suppose, another sermon preached in the evening. The subject was, I believe, from the Apocalypse, that favourite haunt of very youthful theologians. There must have been a certain glibness and ease of utterance, some rhetorical glow in delivery, and, at any rate, a feeling that an impression had been produced. For this was the thought in the preacher's mind next day. It is all clear as if it were yesterday. It seemed to me that I

had said everything that I had to say, and perhaps everything that there was to be said. I had reached the goal at once, and must henceforth be content to sit in the pew and listen.

No one at the beginning perceives that the subject matter with which the preacher has to deal is endless—that exhaustion may come in his poor faculties, so that he will no longer be acceptable to his hearers; old modes of thought may pass out of fashion; the cumbersome divisions, the flowery rhetoric, the conventional dogmas, may pall on a new generation. But, good man, if he is a real preacher, he will never find his themes exhausted or be at a loss for matter to deliver—from his own point of view. He need not think too much of the audience. It may fade away. But he really preaches to God. It is all a transaction with Him, a sacrifice, an oblation. And the good God loves the trite thought of His prophets in their decay, as He bears lovingly with the crudeness of their utterances at the start.

So far I have written for the *Editor*. It was his wish that I should speak of this matter. But he will let me say a word or two for myself, because some of the readers of this Magazine may be men to whom the mysterious call has come or is coming, and they read an article of this description with the curiosity of a traveller who peruses a journal of one who went that way before. To them, therefore, I have to speak out of my experience. One's first thought in preaching is to preach to others, to convert them, and to reform the world. But as time goes on the function of reforming one's self appears harder than it did; one's own conversion presents itself as a greater business than was supposed; and the preacher finds it necessary to spend most of his time in preaching to himself. There is small chance of dealing with the faults of others: he finds too many of his own. When he summons even sinners to repentance, he is startled with the discovery that he must himself tread afresh the valley of humiliation, and, as it were, repent and be converted. In his first sermon he is full of generous and benignant love, desiring to save the poor sinners in the pews, who cluster round him in his exalted pulpit. He rings out the gracious invitation to them as if he were Christ: "It is a faithful saying, worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,"—you, poor sinners, lustful, ambitious, purse-proud, and what not. In his later sermons he adds, with trembling, awe-struck sincerity, "Of whom I am chief."

Your friends will try to dissuade you from this high calling by worldly considerations. There is a precarious income; there is the insolence of office, and the coarseness of vulgar

minds to embitter the preacher's lot. Unless he enters the Established Church, gains a benefice, and steps bravely up the ladder towards a bishop's throne, the minister of Christ is more likely to end his days in poverty and neglect than any other man of similar abilities. That is true enough: but your friends have not told you the real cross of the minister of the Crucified. What is poverty? What are men? We can bear the worst of such inflictions, when a door opens inwards, and the passage to the eternal climbs obvious and near up the hills of death. But here is the cross you have to consider. You will come—if you are a true minister—to a meaner opinion of yourself year by year. Down and ever down—from ledge to ledge—from one copse of gloom to another—flinging aside at each plunge another of your plumes, your vestments, your braveries—you will have to find the bottom of the valley, where it is no extravagance to say, "I am nothing"—nay, it is a relief to believe

it, and in the solitude with God to be hidden, not now from the blame and the vituperation, but from the praise and the admiration of men.

My young brother, are you tempted into this ministry by the imagined murmur of applause, the thought of listening crowds, the glory of starry hosts of the redeemed ascribing their salvation to you? Are you seduced by the uniform of the priest, the title of Reverend, the sleek boast, "I am a clergyman of the Church of England," the simpers of sentimental women, the comfort, the dignity, the distinction? Those are the rewards of hirelings; and a man who is attracted by them will be rejected by the Master. What awaits you is a lot much more like St. Paul's, much more like the Master's own. I will not affect to say that anything in life seems to me more desirable than that *via crucis*; but I would solemnly warn any man against entering it if he has not understood the nature of the way.

THE IDEALS OF YOUTH.

By THE REV. J. REID HOWATT.

III.—THE SCHOLAR.

"A LITTLE leisure for a little learning" is the idea that lies at the root of the word "scholar." This is at least suggestive—fitting in as it does with the circumstances of the vast majority of the youths and maidens of our time. These must work, and their work must be the main thing. This hint, however, tells us that scholarship is not an exacting mistress; she does not ask you to bestow all your attention on her. While you have your work to do by which you win your daily bread, she is content to stand aside and wait contentedly till your leisure hour comes round again, and then she is yours, altogether yours, once more. Banish the thought that because you are a worker you never can be a scholar too. Some of the ripest scholars we have to-day have become what they are simply through the use they have made of the breathing time allowed in the midst of sturdier toils. The astronomer who discovered the latest comet of '92 wears a bib and apron behind a counter all day long. I know a collier who has as good a collection of mathematical works as any professor could desire—and understands them too. Another I knew—an ironstone miner—who knew Tennyson almost by heart, and was in frequent correspondence with the Laureate. Next to Dr. Dallinger, two of the keenest microscopists of my acquaintance are, one a baker and the other a commercial traveller. But why particularise?—all biography of the

dead and the living abounds with examples of this sort. Your leisure time is quite enough for laying the foundations at all events of some solid scholarship.

I respect you too much to suppose you expect me in ten minutes to tell you how to become a scholar. Like the poet, the scholar is born—not made—born, that is, with a great hunger and thirst upon him to get at the heart of things and find the reason why, and distinguish between the mere show and shadow of things that are always fitting and the great realities that are ever the same. Pedants can be made; they are manufactured articles—the men who bristle with facts and clothe themselves in sheets of information, but who never grow wiser for their knowledge. These are made—of MSS. and printer's ink and tables of statistics; the scholar is of quite another species.

Hence, though it may sound odd, there are good scholars in the world who can neither read nor write. For there is something which exists before all books and parchments, pens and ink, and that lies aback of them all, without which all other aids are worthless. This is *speculative-ness*—the seeing faculty. Most people only look, a few see, some are blind altogether. The "practical man," as he likes to be called, despises the speculative one, yet it is to him he is indebted for every temporal blessing he enjoys—for it is

the one who sees how things dovetail or should dovetail who prepares the way for the worker. This seeing faculty is not bound up with books; the difference between the one we popularly call the scholar and the one we speak of as illiterate lies in this—the one has learnt how to express himself, the other has not. How do you tell a true picture from a false one? Isn't it because something of what the picture would suggest has already found a home in your own bosom? Can you paint the picture, however, which is in your mind? Perhaps not—simply because you have not trained the hand and the eye to give the outward expression of what is within you. In ninety cases out of a hundred the reason why you exult on hearing or reading some grand, inspiring thought is not because the thought is a new one, but because you have suddenly found expression for what had been nebulously present in your own mind before. If the poorest clod-hopper could but express himself fully, his experiences, hopes, sorrows, joys, would make up one of the grandest works of genius ever issued from the press. The mystic handwriting is all over the walls of his mind as it is over yours, only he may have but a rushlight to read it by, while you have the electric lamp.

Here, then, is true scholarship and its true worth. What writing is to thinking, scholarship, in its broad sense, is to the seeing faculty of the soul—it gives it the language in which to utter itself, and the tools with which to hew out the statue it sees hidden in the marble. The pedant collects a chestful of tools; the scholar uses them; that's the difference.

Words, then, must be the main instruments with which to work. Great is "the gift o' the gab," whether in speaking or writing. The man who knows only a thousand words (and many people do not know so many) is a hundred miles further away from his true self than the man whose vocabulary has a range of a hundred thousand words. His raw material may be just as good and abundant, but his working plant is too limited to execute the larger orders of the mind. With all your getting, then, get words. They are histories condensed, ideas petrified, the brushes with which we paint, and the colouring matter as well; they are the pens of the soul, its

weapons of precision, and the keys that open to us all the treasures of learning. Master words—but never let them master you. Keep perpetually on sentry-go, and challenge every new word that comes within hail, and suffer it not to pass till it has given a good account of itself. If it cannot do this, then lock it up; do not go strutting about with it. If you do, you will be sure to make a laughing stock of yourself some day by betraying your ignorance just when, perhaps, you are most desirous of giving an impression of your wisdom. Never use a word you do not thoroughly understand; master it, do not let it master you.

Books, of course, are the chief storehouses on which to draw. They are of three classes—Interpreters, Speakers, and Echoes. The Interpreters are grammars, dictionaries, primers, and all text-books generally. These are a dismal set as a rule, but as they are the locksmiths of learning they must be honoured. The Speakers are the great works of the great masters on whatever subject you wish to learn. They are original, fresh, inventive, creative, stimulative, but there is no understanding of them till you have learnt to approach them through the Interpreters. These books are few, but the Echoes of them are many. Echo-books are reviews, newspapers, most magazine articles, nineteen-twentieths of all poetry, a good many sermons, and nearly all the popular treatises on science or politics. They have their use, and are not to be despised, for a good Echo can sometimes direct you to the Speaker, but the solid learning needed to make a scholar can never be got out of them. For this you must patiently make your way through the Interpreting to the Speaking Books, and keep close by these. A little inquiry of those who have gone the road before you will be your simplest method, at the start, of discovering what are the best Speaking Books on the theme you wish to master; by-and-by you will not require even this help, for one book leads to another almost as naturally as one step of the climber guides to a higher.

Consecrate all you learn. In every dewdrop the sun is reflected, and in every fresh truth more of God may be seen; but it is in this as in all things else—what we find depends on what we bring with us to the search.

THE teaching that calls on every Christian man as a matter of course to be grand and heroic not only makes sad "those whom God has not made sad," it not only discourages and depresses excellent Christian people, devout, humble, earnest, who are quite clear that there is no grandeur or heroism about them, but in some cases, I am afraid, it leads to a disappointment which embitters, enfeebles, and even destroys the Chris-

tian life. Men expect to be heroic and they are not heroic, they expect to be grand and they are not grand, and they come to the conclusion that the promises and hopes of the gospel are not for them. Let us accept the duties to which God appoints us, however humble and however obscure, not choosing great things for ourselves, but having our minds drawn to the things that are lowly.—REV. DR. R. W. DALE.

THE "COUNTRY PARSON" AT HOME.

A TALK WITH DR. JESSOPP.

THE scene of the Rev. Dr. Jessopp's delightful sketches of life in Arcady is the parish of Scarning, in Norfolk. A three miles' drive from Dereham brought me to the parsonage, which has been his home since his retirement from the position of headmaster of Norwich School, fifteen years ago. It was a "dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant" night, and the big fire in the Doctor's study, together with the Doctor's cordial greeting, was as keenly appreciated as water in the desert. The presence of the author of *The Trials of a Country Parson*, as he sits in his easy chair, is in itself a source of good cheer—a sturdy, well-knit frame, with broad shoulders and head erect. With his deep, resonant voice, hearty laugh, and bright humour, the septuagenarian, on that cheerless winter evening, suggested to me Tennyson's lines:—

A Soul
So full of summer warmth, so glad,
So healthy, sound, and clear, and whole.

In the study, surrounded by so many valuable, if little-known, volumes on the world's past, I asked Dr. Jessopp about the literary work to which he has given most of his leisure.

"Do you find a country parsonage favourable to historical study?"

"Yes, and no. The quietude, the freedom from interruption, is of course most valuable. But in all departments of knowledge progress is now so rapid that it is necessary to be continually reading fresh books in order to keep pace with it. In this out-of-the-world place I don't always come across these books. Unless one straightway buys them, they are not very easy to obtain. My wife often tells me that books are my one extravagance. Probably this is true, although I don't think I am very extravagant."

"In what department of historic research is most progress being made just now?"

"That is hard to say. So much is being done all round—probably one might say more particularly as regards the history of the monastic system in the pre-Reformation era."

"Country life," continued Dr. Jessopp reflectively, "has another disadvantage for the intellectual worker. There is nothing to distract you from your task, but, on the other hand, you lose the stimulus, the valuable stimulus of contact with other men's minds. If you do not meet other workers in a similar sphere of thought, you cannot check the results at which you may arrive by mutual discussion. Now and again I go to London to consult works at the British Museum or some other library, but I find it very

difficult to work away from home. At one time in my early life I used the reading-room at the Museum a great deal; in fact, I frequented it when still in my teens. Through the influence of a friend the rule against the granting of readers' tickets to persons under twenty-one years of age was put aside in my favour, and I remember that I was very proud of my exceptional privilege."

Of Dr. Jessopp's appreciation of various features of country life no reader of the papers he frequently contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* needs to be told. Yet he has no illusions on the subject. At the dinner table I ventured the remark that the evils of city life were largely accidental, not essential to it, and that with better municipal government they might be very greatly diminished. The Doctor agreed.

"In the ancient world," he said, "there is no reason to suppose that life was healthier in the country than in the great cities. In Rome, for instance, with its abundant supply of pure water, its wide, open spaces, its games and spectacles in the Coliseum, except when malaria was prevalent, it was probably healthier than the country around it, for the swift waters of the Tiber carried away all impurities. Such was probably the case, too, with Nimes, Verona, etc. Still you must remember that London, so far as we can discover, is by far the largest city the world has ever seen, and its size must render such problems as water supply and drainage most difficult."

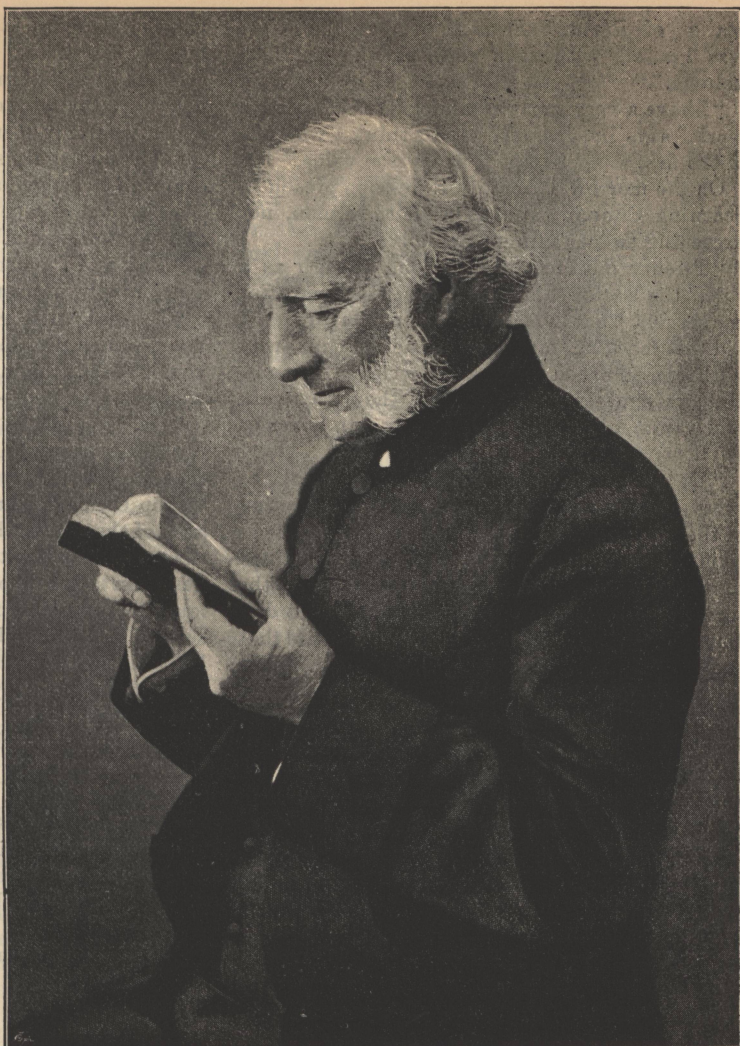
The next moment we were talking of the prevalent love for a change of air, and this led Dr. Jessopp, with a merry twinkle in his eye, to tell an amusing little story. An acquaintance of his having been in indifferent health for a long time, decided, when on a visit to London, to consult a distinguished physician. Having ascertained all the symptoms, the physician strongly urged his patient to take a holiday at S—, as a place most beneficial to his particular complaint. The poor man had resided for many years at S—!

"I spend in magazines and periodicals more money than my club subscription. That is another disadvantage of living in Arcady! Next to the marvellous increase in their number, the most remarkable thing I notice about the weekly journals is the spread of the signed article. I know how much can be said in its favour—for one thing, the publication of his name is certainly calculated to increase a writer's sense of responsibility—but in the domain of criticism, at any rate, I cannot but feel that

anonymity is preferable. I remember a friend of mine, a very eminent scholar, telling me that some years ago a book came out which he considered was full of mischievous errors and misleading statements. As it dealt with a subject he had made his own, he thought that he ought to say so publicly. But the author happened to be a personal friend, and his article, in the *Academy* I think it was, would have to be signed. Well, the critic shrank from thus wounding his friend, and the book was not noticed. Of course, in music, the drama, and art, it may be difficult, if not impossible, that at the present day the personality of the critic should be concealed. But there is no reason why literary criticism should not remain anonymous."

On the dining-room walls were engraved portraits of Roger North and other members of the family which gave Dr. Jessopp so congenial a subject for his pen.

"Did you know Miss North—a lady who was one of the last descendants of old Roger? She was a very dear friend of ours, and I felt her death, a short time ago, very much. She was the first lady to live in a flat, and at her rooms in Victoria Street she was accustomed to have the most interesting parties. It was there I met Browning—by a singular piece of good fortune. Miss North invited us to come one Monday, and it was understood that Browning would be one of the party on Tuesday evening. We were half inclined to defer our journey to town till Tuesday morning, but finally went up on Monday afternoon. On going into Miss North's drawing-room she astonished me by introducing 'Mr. Browning.' It transpired afterwards that he had made a mistake in the day, and came on the Monday instead of Tuesday. At dinner I felicitated him in some way on the fame he had achieved. 'Yes,' he replied, in slow, emphatic tones, 'but I



THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

had to wait a long time for it.' I think he must have felt the years of neglect very keenly."

"You knew Tennyson too?"

"Yes; I have the pleasantest recollections of a visit to Haslemere. I was accustomed every Christmas to send a turkey to Tennyson, after I had accidentally learned from a mutual friend that he was particularly fond of this bird."

When we returned to the study, Dr. Jessopp showed me a very choicely bound copy of *Demeter: and other Poems*, having a few lines written by Tennyson on the fly-leaf, which the poet gave to him when he was at Haslemere. Another of the Doctor's literary treasures is one of the very few early copies existent of the first edition of George Meredith's *Early Poems*. Mrs. Jessopp had a second copy, but this was given by her to Mrs. Meredith on her marriage with the

author of *Richard Feverel*, who at that time was himself without a copy of the precious volume.

"I have a very great admiration for Meredith's work," says Dr. Jessopp, "and I think I was one of the first to appreciate it at its true value."

On the morrow I heard Dr. Jessopp preach in Scarning Church. It was a short sermon, not exceeding twenty minutes in delivery.

"Twenty minutes is quite long enough as a rule," the Rector said, when he rejoined me after the service, "but when I preach extempore, as I did this morning, my subject is apt to run away with me, and then I return to written sermons. But written sermons, although they may gain much from a literary point of view, can never be so effective, I think."

"Do you take the view, Dr. Jessopp, that the press, to some extent, has usurped the function of the pulpit?"

"There can be no doubt of it, and I am inclined to think that the Church is not gaining the services of so many able men as she once did. But there may come a revival, and I am sure that the people will never dispense with religious feeling."

"I am rather surprised myself," said Dr. Jessopp, after a reference on my part to Disestablishment, "that the Nonconformists have not demanded the nationalisation of cathedrals. I am strongly of opinion that something should be done to render them serviceable to all Christian bodies; the cathedrals might become a point of reunion. For one thing, the canonries might be open to able men of all denominations. There is no reason why a canon should necessarily be in orders. At one time—it was certainly as late as

Elizabeth's reign—the office was not infrequently held by a layman. And I believe it is more by accident than design that the custom, which may now have the force of law, grew up in favour of appointing only men in orders."

"Now and again societies which include Nonconformists as well as Churchmen have, I believe, been invited to take part in services at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey."

"Yes, and I am sorry that such action should ever provoke protest from Churchmen."

"I heard with great interest one passage in your sermon, Dr. Jessopp—the passage in which you spoke of 'the millions of years' in which the world has existed—"

"Oh," replied the Doctor, with a smile, "I and my people thoroughly understand one another on that subject. To my mind the error made by Archbishop Usher in counting up and subtracting the ages of the patriarchs, and then concluding that the world was created 4,000 years before Christ, has been a most pestiferous one. It has been largely responsible for needless conflict between science and the Bible. But I believe the error has at last been discarded by almost every clergyman who knows anything."

Notwithstanding his literary pursuits, Dr. Jessopp is evidently devoted to the practical duties of a country parson. He seemed to know every man, woman, and child in his parish, which is about three miles long, and has a population of 800 scattered over it. In the afternoon I accompanied him to a labourer's cottage a mile off, where there had been great trouble, and he related to me on the way the whole family history, which was not without a touch of pathetic interest.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

OUR CO-OPERATIVE HOLIDAY SCHEME.

WE are now able to announce the entire success of our co-operative trips to Switzerland. We are booking very rapidly, and it is evident that our parties will only be limited by the meagre hotel accommodation at Grindelwald. But although the accommodation is not extensive, it is remarkably comfortable, and we have already received from members of our June parties enthusiastic accounts of their experiences in Switzerland.

During July the preachers and lecturers will include Dr. Newman Hall, Mr. W. T. Stead, Rev. A. R. Buckland, Preb. H. W. Webb-Peploe, Prof. Shuttleworth, Dr. Marshall Lang, Dr. Monro Gibson, Dr. MacKenna, and Dr. W. T. Moore, the editor of *The Christian Commonwealth*, and, as we have already announced, the August programme contains such well-known names as Sir B. W. Richardson, Sir Robert Ball, Mr. Edward Whymper, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Rev. Dr. C. A. Berry, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Mrs. Fenwick Miller, Mr. Harry How, and Miss Friederichs. There will be concerts and social receptions every

Tuesday and Friday, in which Mrs. Mary Davies, Miss Dora Tulloch, Miss Helen Saunders, Miss Edith Tulloch, Mr. J. F. Horncastle, etc., will take part.

Arrangements have been made for all our parties to travel by Dover and Calais (the short sea route). This is the quickest and most comfortable route, and the journey can be broken at Paris on the way home. We are overwhelmed with applications for places, and we would venture to suggest that those who intend to join in our Summer Gathering should book as soon as possible. The illustrated programme can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.

Parties will leave London (Holborn Viaduct) every Tuesday and Friday until the middle of September at 11 a.m., and for ten guineas we offer a second-class return ticket from London, seven days' full hotel accommodation at Grindelwald, and three days in Lucerne. Or the last three days may be devoted to other supplementary tours.

HOW A MORNING NEWSPAPER IS PRODUCED.—I.

By H. W. MASSINGHAM.

A WIDELY different spiritual rule applies to the production of morning and of evening papers. The motto of the latter is "haste," of the former "order." Everything on an evening paper is done at breakneck speed. I know of nothing more exhilarating than the process of getting an early edition to press—the upward and downward whirl of the little copy lifts, the tearing through the last proofs, the flying messages to the composing room, the rattle of the screws on the made-up forme, the nervous glance at the clock to see if your edition is going to be late, the tapping and hammering and grinding of the stereotypers, the distant boom of the starting machine, which assures you that your big sensation or your startling leader is well on its way—and then the peace that passeth the understanding of everybody but a journalist.

Some of these things take place on a morning newspaper, but they occur only once a night or rather a morning, and the process which leads up to them is much more leisurely and less susceptible of control by a single hand. Moreover, the problem which the morning journalist encounters is of an entirely different order from that which confronts his evening contemporary. The earlier editions of an evening newspaper contain little independent news. They reap the mere gleanings of a field already swept by the earlier husbandman. But the editor of papers like the *Times*, *Standard* or *Chronicle* has had to sow all the world over for the sheaves to come tumbling into his granaries. The result is that there is a much stricter division of forces than exists on an evening journal, the editor of which can, if he pleases, join the functions of leader-writer, overseer, descriptive reporter, parliamentary hand, and sub-editor. On a great morning daily, a trustworthy man is very largely supreme in his own department. It is seldom that an editor conflicts with the views or alters the copy of his city editor, or his musical, dramatic and art critics, or his chief sub-editor. It is even impossible for him to read his own paper from beginning to end. His eye is of course always on expressions of opinion, and the leader-writers are the especial slaves of his editorial lamp. But in the great hive each bee must have his cell, and "home" his sweets as best he may.

The material out of which the morning daily is made is of course being accumulated all day long in law courts, in public meetings, in stormy seas, in theatres, in palaces, and in slums. But the most strenuous work begins about the hour when fashionable London is sitting down to dinner. As a rule the editors

of the great dailies contrive to break the neck of the less urgent business, such as correspondence, in an afternoon visit to their offices. On the *Daily News*, for instance, there is a dual arrangement, Sir John Robinson doing the day work, and Mr. P. W. Clayden being responsible for the night editing and the late-written leaders. But the real tension sets in about eight in the evening, and lasts till one or two. Within those limits every kind of activity is developed. Reporters drop in with their notes of meetings, consult editor or sub-editor as to the space to be assigned them, and transcribe at their best speed in the writing-out rooms. The great news associations are pouring in sheets of "flimsy," soft, thin, brittle paper, and every line of these despatches has to go to its appointed "sub," and be either edited or rejected. Telegrams, also on flimsy, and pencilled, come from north, south, east, and west, at home and abroad, and they too come under the ordeal of quick eyes and merciless blue pencils. Then there are the evening and provincial papers. They have to be "gutted" for meetings and news of which the morning journal does not take special account, the debt being repaid with interest next day, when the evening newspaper fury comes "with the abhorred shears," and makes mincemeat of the morning journal's "specials." Then there is the foreign editor or sub-editor, through whose hands pass both the independent services of the paper, and the telegrams from Reuter and others which it shares with its rivals. Upstairs in the "composing" and stereotyping rooms the earlier pages of the paper, such as those devoted habitually to advertisements, are being "made-up," screwed into the iron formes, and stereotyped in the glistening plates which have everywhere superseded direct printing from the type. At the *Times* the advertisement pages are always set up and disposed of in the daytime, and the way is thus made clear for the vast mass of late and telegraphed news and special comment that has to be dealt with in the brief night and early morning.

And the editor? What is he doing all the time? It is necessary not to confuse his functions with those of the sub-editor, who has usually six or seven subordinates, each with a department of his own. The American press, which alone understands and practises the thorough organization and delegation of duties in a daily newspaper, properly calls this latter gentleman the "news-editor;" that is to say, the man who controls the reporting staff, sets them on their daily hunt for pure news, and

deals with their "copy" when it comes in at night. The American "news-editor" is largely an independent authority, though the editor-in-chief is a finally responsible power. With us there is but one editor, and he (nominally) overlooks everything. But the truth is that no man can oversee eight or ten broad pages of varied material, sifted out of perhaps double that amount of "copy." His practical work, therefore, is mainly limited first to directing opinion, secondly to determining the general proportions which the paper is next day to assume to the reader's eye and intelligence. So much "foreign"—so much parliamentary; this feature to be blazoned with all the glories of "leads" and "bourgeois" and flaring "head-lines"; that again to sink into the meanness of "minion," the obscurity of "solid" type; this statesman to be exalted, that one to be depressed. The difficulty of managing the space-problem which confronts every editor of a daily paper is enhanced when the overseer arrives—within an hour or so of "going to press"—with the pleasing announcement that he has got ten or fifteen columns more than he requires for a single issue. It is then that the virtues as well as the talents come into play. I have known many a shining saint brought low in the course of these energetic colloquies.

Still more vital is the work of an editor in relation to the guidance of his paper's opinion. In this he is, of course, supreme, though the actual scope of his influence will depend largely on his personality and knowledge. There is not only the suggestion of subjects for "leaders," and "notes," there is the selection of the men to write on them, there are hints to be conveyed as to "tone" and "line,"

MR. SILAS K. HOCKING has a very wise and racy paper in *The Home Messenger* for July, entitled "Wives and Wives." Mr. Garrett Horder contributes an illustrated article on the Yorkshire Dales, Miss Dora M. Jones commences a new and deeply interesting serial story, and there are other papers by Dr. Parker, Rev. J. Reid Howatt, Dr. Cuyler, etc. (Partridge & Co., 1d.)

DR. JOHN BROWN, of Bedford, told a good story some time ago at a reception given him by a Boston gentleman. He said that the English rustics are sometimes regarded as rather feeble-minded, and not very promising persons for ministers to work among, but they once in a while show a native shrewdness by no means to be despised. One of them one day, leading his donkey, was met by a sportsman, well dressed and equipped, who hailed him with the request, "What shall I give you to have a shot at that donkey?" "Oh, don't shoot the donkey," drawled the rustic; "let brotherly love continue."

there is the final revision of the written MS. and the printed proof. All this is the editor's work, and as the practice of a formal consultation with his staff is rather dying out, his initiative is, if anything, wider than it used to be. And it is on the use he makes of the human material at his command that the power and interest and vivacity of his paper depend. If he gives bimetallism to his society man, and puts his pet economist on the latest divorce case, he is not likely either to refresh his public or to enlighten them. On the other hand, specializing is a rarity of the average leader-writer, whose mighty mind works, as a rule, with equal freedom in any given direction. For the most part, the editor of a morning paper does not write himself; he has literally no time. He is the soul rather than the head pen of his paper. By about one the last "slips" of the leader-writer's copy ought to be in the hands of the printer—a leading article rarely takes more than an hour and a half to two hours—and by that time the editor's work has changed in character. It is "proof," not "copy," with which he is now dealing. He has to scent libels, grammatical slips, misstatements, errors of taste, lapses from the paper's policy, personalities, banalities,—in a word, the inevitable faults of the ready writer. He has to arrange the leaders and notes, to fix finally the position of the principal features of the paper, to cast a glance at the "contents" bill. And at no period of his task does he need a keener concentration of purpose and speedier workmanship.

In a succeeding article I will say something of the mechanical side of morning paper production, and of what I think a newspaper ought to be.

LET us all carry with us, deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds, a sense of shame for the great plague of drunkenness, which goes through the land sapping and undermining character, breaking up the peace of families, oftentimes choosing for its victims not the men or women originally the worst, but persons of strong susceptibility and open in special respects to temptation. This great plague and curse, let us remember, is a national curse, calamity, and scandal. I wish we could all of us take it into our minds, for surely there is hardly one amongst us that has not seen, in individual cases, the pestilent result to which this habit unfortunately leads, that we should all carry with us a deep and adequate sense of the mischief and an earnest intention to do what in us lies, each man within his sphere, for the purpose of mitigating and of removing it.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

THERE is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent, and sincere earnestness.—DICKENS.

IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.

BY THE REV. R. E. WELSH, M.A.

III.—THE MAKING OF SCEPTICS.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE, "silver-tongued Coleridge," once confessed to Keble that his mind was sorely perplexed on the question of Inspiration. Imagine the shock when he was told that "most of the men who had difficulties on that subject were too wicked to be reasoned with."

1. Such a *wicked* retort may be taken as a short and easy way of making sceptics. To brand men's intelligent doubts as sins that incur perdition, if it do not frighten them out of all thinking, must go far to force them into an attitude of defiance, and provide them with new reasons for doubt. If the current story be true, Bradlaugh was driven from mere mental perplexity far towards stern disbelief by the snubbing meted out to him when he carried his questions to his clergyman. Men of conscious rectitude are embittered and alienated by the insinuation that they are doubters because they are not good men, as surely as high-spirited horses are made frantic by the harsh use of bit and whip.

Every error in faith involves, as we shall see in a later paper, a proportionate loss for life's purposes. And if in any case such an error be the outbreak of enervating habits or moral laxity, it cannot fail to carry corresponding penalties with it. But to assume some moral evil as the necessary cause of a man's doubts, is little short of a crime. From this pestilent insinuation, and from the inference that honest disbelief in Church creeds involves the same retribution as robbery and murder, Professor Huxley declares, "torrents of hypocrisy and cruelty have flowed along the course of the history of Christendom."

We have not heard that the mind was ever convinced of truth by the Inquisition and the rack. No more can men "perplexed in faith but pure in deeds" be led back to belief by moral charges, or by threats

And warnings of sorrow and dule

To be dreed in that sulphurous place.

The Apostle Peter once sprang forward to defend his Master with the sword, but was bidden "Put up thy sword into its sheath": the King of Truth must wield none but spiritual weapons—truth with love.

2. Doubt is in many instances the natural recoil of an independent mind from exorbitant demands upon belief: a rebound from a too-sure dogmatism.

Mr. Froude once assured his readers in *Good Words* that the Tractarian Movement, whilst headed by leaders of most devout spirit, made

many sceptics among Oxford men, himself amongst the number. Mr. Lecky has been confirming this statement. Pusey and Newman virtually demanded "Believe this or—nothing!" In "this" they included such points as Apostolic succession and transmuted Bread. Many courageous minds took them at their word. They strove to believe "this." But having failed, "Nothing be it then" they exclaimed—and went away sorrowful.

Make too heavy demands upon faith: cry "All or nothing": insist that Religion itself stands or falls with your version of it; and you force brave spirits to dare consequences and to impale themselves on the horns of the dilemma which you have made so sharp for them.

Renan is candid in his *Souvenirs*, and confesses: "There were times when I was sorry that I was not a Protestant, so that I might be a philosopher without ceasing to be a Christian. Then I recognised that the Catholics alone are consistent. A single error proves that the Church is not infallible: one weak part proves that the book is not a revealed one. Outside rigid orthodoxy there was nothing, so far as I could see, except Freethought after the manner of the French school of the eighteenth century." For the same cause does scepticism prevail in Roman Catholic countries. The Church asks too much of faith, and from many of the best minds it gets nothing. It is a moral enormity to make Christianity answer with its very life for all our accepted creed, to drive doubters to logical conclusions as we conceive them. Not thus did Christ treat men of imperfect faith. "Lord, I believe: help Thou mine unbelief," was enough to satisfy Him.

3. Scepticism often arises as nature's drastic cure for superstition and a dead orthodoxy.

History in many a chapter tells only too plainly how a period of unbelief dogs the heels of a priest-ridden, creed-bound age. With our own eyes to-day we can see that in France and Italy the superstitions and infallibilities of Romanism are generating their natural brood in anarchy and infidelity. Says the gentle Amiel, twin spirit of our own more Christian Smetham, referring to a certain French sceptical volume: "This curt and narrow school is the refuge of men of independent mind who have been scandalized by the colossal fraud of Ultramontaniam."

When religion is known mainly under the form of confessionals and aves, images and

blood-liquefactions, when Christianity means to

 Hear the blessed mutter of the mass,
 And see God made and eaten all day long,
 And feel the steady candle-flame, and taste
 Good, strong, thick, stupefying incense-smoke,

it is no wonder if sane and valiant minds flee for liberty to Freethinking.

Just here Scepticism finds its proper office, and, unwittingly perhaps, performs a service to pure religion. It sifts superstition, pricks the bladder of make-believe, purges and cleanses current religion. In certain ages the sceptic has been most nearly the true believer, repudiating the palpably false in his quest of the true. But in the process, when rude hands are plucking away the parasites and accretions, one fears that the truth within will be dragged to earth. At such a crisis we must, with Carlyle, console ourselves by the confidence that "the fever of scepticism must burn itself out, and burn out thereby the impurities that caused it; then again will be cleanness, health."

After the same fashion a dead orthodoxy develops doubt in minds, which are so constituted as to perforce think out things independently for themselves. They wake to discover themselves bound to a mummy creed, at one time alive with the soul of living faith, but now spiced and bandaged for perpetual preservation. For them such a creed must be "born again." The function of doubt, in such a case, is to relieve them of that which is dead, and wake the mind to find a living faith of its own.

4. Most commonly, perhaps, it is a perversion or misshapen form of Christianity which provokes and justifies disbelief. Take the recent works of fiction which set forth rebels from the faith. They are rebels from what? From some grim repulsive perversion of pure religion.

For instance, Olive Schreiner, in her powerful but painful *Story*, makes Bonaparte Blenkins the spokesman of Christianity, a man whose main theme is the lake of fire, and the floating skeletons of the lost. From such a creed it is the Christian first who is the sceptic and rebel. George Eliot selects Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Dr. Cumming of prophetic fame, pouring scalding contempt on their selfish theology and "otherworldliness." From deformed or misbegotten types of Christianity she calls her readers to revolt. The type from which some turn away in fierce unbelief is the Christianity which represents "saving one's own soul," as its be-all and end-all, and forgets Christ's great principle and example of living for others.

These types of religion do exist, though now they have to be sought mainly in the past; and in any Natural History of Doubt, they must be recognised as operating to create

disbelief. It is a misfortune—yet it is also indirectly a re-assurance to know—that what many sceptics disbelieve is Christianity according to Athanasius or the Mediæval Church, is some perversion of the story of the Four "Memoirs," but not the Christianity of Jesus Christ.

5. Scepticism may also spring from the habits and limitations of a specialist's pursuits.

Darwin is a case in point. He is one of the truest and most lovable of all Agnostics, always modest in his doubt, and at times doubting his doubts again. The very fact that such a man lost faith in Christianity shocks the innocent mind, and shakes its certainty. What shall he do that cometh after the king?

But the causes of his disbelief lie on the surface in his autobiography. He never had much of any religion, even in his youth. He was brought up by a Unitarian mother and a free-thinking father at a Unitarian school. He never seems to have experienced any *tang* of personal religion. Then science engrossed him, with what consequences he makes clear.

"Up to the age of thirty or beyond it, poetry such as Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, etc., gave me great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry. I have also lost my taste for pictures and music." "My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." He avows that this has "caused the paralysis of that part of the brain on which the highest tastes depend."

He makes the frank and significant statement that he had lost the sense of beauty, art, and music, and also the sense of the spiritual and infinite, through life-long devotion to material facts. In consequence, his higher nature died of atrophy; and so gradual, he tells us, was the loss of the æsthetic and the soul sense, that he had no struggle over its decline. We may honour the man, and yet detect herein the loss of the very capacity by which to appreciate the force and necessity of Christ and His work.

Scientists, accustomed from the nature of their work to subject everything to outward and palpable tests, are liable to have their mental perceptions and standards of reality materialized. Says our familiar friend, the sage of Boston: "Absolute peremptory facts are bullies, and those who keep company with them are apt to get a bullying habit of mind. There is no elasticity in a mathematical fact. What the mathematician knows, being absolute, unconditional, incapable of suffering question, it should tend, in the nature of things, to breed a despotic way of thinking."

Clerk Maxwell, Faraday, Brewster ought not to be quoted in favour of Christianity as

if, in the religious realm, they acquired any special weight from their eminence in the sphere of the physical sciences. Chemical analysis and mathematical formulæ do nothing to sharpen the sense of spiritual truth. Any absorbing material occupation may tend, if uncorrected, to produce atrophy of spirit. There is a narrowness which is not born of too much theology.

Let Tyndall speak for himself and his comrades: "Theologians have found comfort in the thought that Newton dealt with the question of Revelation, forgetful of the fact that the very devotion of his powers, through all the best years of his life, to a totally different class of ideas, not to speak of natural disqualifications, tended rather to render him less instead of more competent to deal with theological and historic questions."

The poet is more akin to the seer or prophet than is the scientist. Browning, Tennyson, Emerson, Shakespeare, Milton, are better qualified by their gifts and callings to judge of things spiritual. Biologists need have no more weight with us in religion than our good and intelligent mothers.

6. It is experience of the misfortunes of life that drives others into the desert of disbelief. Silas Marner is estranged and turned into a loveless miser by "a faithless love, a false friend, and the loss of trust in all things, human and divine." In his *Robert Falconer*, George Macdonald tells of a "sorrow-made infidel." Cruel suffering or devastating bereavement has raised in some breasts not only doubt but wrath—wrath which feeds on the sense of relentless wrong.

This is a loss of faith with which no argument can cope, which nought but love, human

and Christian, can alleviate. Only love's warmth can melt the frozen heart.

7. Then withal, Heresy and Doubt have their fashions and fops. The Zeit-Geist, or Spirit of the Age, has to be taken into consideration in accounting for Scepticism. By this epidemic spirit the profession of *unbelief* is no more and no less fostered than is the profession of *belief* in Christianity, which is often a mere matter of social fashion, imitative and superficial. At different times men have been seized by the madness of the Crusades, by the craze for monastic and ascetic life, and again by the vandal spirit of reform. Is there not a social infection of scepticism, a craze for questioning, abroad to-day?

In estimating the significance of present-day unbelief, we have to recall the fact that the same infection visited Britain during the latter part of the seventeenth, and again of the eighteenth century. May it not be a recurrent epidemic? A century ago Voltaire, Rousseau, and the French Encyclopædists killed the Christian religion. Voltaire pronounced it dead. But the room where he penned its obituary is to-day a Bible Dépôt. How many lives this faith of Jesus has shown that it possesses! Its power of Resurrection, its power to outlive perversions and criticism, is surely a sign that in it lies the Truth eternal. Just when our modern prophets are declaring that the old faith is losing its hold, it is commanding more of the general intelligence of the world, and displaying more activity all round our globe, than it has done in any century of the past.

"The lesson of life," says Emerson, "is to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours."

MR. J. E. K. STUDD, the famous cricketer, writes as follows in a letter to a friend:—You ask me what I have found the most refreshing drink during the cricket season, and how thirst caused by a long innings in the sun or on a long day's fielding can best be subdued,—and whether stimulants are necessary. Personally I have never touched stimulants when playing cricket. At Eton, before I was an abstainer, I used always to avoid taking either beer or wine at luncheon during a cricket match, and in my last year in the Eton eleven I never touched stimulants at all. With regard to quenching thirst, I have always found it best to drink as little as possible of anything; by this means one's thirst does not get so overpowering as it otherwise would. This applies to all sorts of days, and all the year round. It needs a little self-denial, but one is amply repaid by finding one's self almost free from that insatiable thirst which is so trying and so common. The best drink for a strong thirst is hot tea; but as this cannot always be

had, ginger beer and a lemon used to be the usual beverage. This is generally termed "lemon squash," only a bottle of ginger beer is substituted for a bottle of soda-water. I know of no nicer drink. The ginger beer sold in stone bottles is by far the best.

It is the property of the religious sentiment to be the most refining of the influences. No external advantages, no good birth or breeding, no culture of the taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant—even no depth of affection that does not rise to a religious sentiment—can bestow that delicacy and grandeur of bearing which belong only to a mind accustomed to celestial conversation.—R. W. EMERSON.

So oft the doing of God's will

Our foolish will undoeth!

And yet what idle dream breaks ill

Which morning light subdueth?

And who would murmur and misdoubt

When God's great Sunrise finds him out?

MRS. BROWNING.

A WALK BY THE SEA-SHORE.

By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.

THIS month, at the Editor's suggestion, instead of the usual Science Notes, it may afford interesting variety to take in thought a stroll by the sea-shore. Charles Kingsley is not likely to be forgotten, yet few of the admirers of his novels have appreciated his little "Glaucus, or the Wonders of the Shore." But apart from the most interesting substance of its contents, his opening sentence bears quoting to-day with as much force as forty years ago: "You are going down by rail to pass your usual three weeks at some watering place along the coast, and as you roll along think more than once, and that not over cheerfully, of what you shall do when you get there." It is proverbial that the way to see none of the beauties of any place, on the coast or inland, is to live there. And it is probable that few visitors to the shore, and no "trippers," have the slightest intention of really using the senses God has given them for any higher purpose than mere promenading. But the everlasting walking about is after all very wearisome, and with all our modern advances it is too true that in evenings and on wet days holiday-makers are helplessly reduced to seek comfort in novels and dinners, or "theatres of varieties."

Meanwhile, as not only Kingsley but a host of later writers have shown abundantly, even for the most ordinary readers, whole hosts of opportunities are close to their very hands and feet for making brightness on dark days, and increased enjoyment amidst exhilaration. However, it is useless to repeat this for some people to whom it is a trouble even to wink. Happily there are others who will cheerfully respond to our invitation to "come out for a walk." The psychologist or moral philosopher can always find plenty of scope for study in the human specimens which abound on the beach of a fashionable watering place. But we will consider these too high game, and seek for some quieter spot where we may roam on in air unpolluted by tobacco smoke, and undisturbed by the rowdiness of seaside minstrelsy. Of course it is a fine day—that *sine quâ non* of happiness upon the beach. It does not occur to every one to remember that on the sunniest of days the quantity of solar energy intercepted by our whole earth amounts only to some 2200000000 of the whole. Passing that by, we might well pause to ask why we have such reason to appreciate sunshine. Of course we all know nowadays that there are such things as bacilli, and that we breathe more than a few as living dust. But it is rather a startling

thought that a single bacillus, if allowed to multiply without hindrance, would produce in forty-eight hours some 280,000,000,000,000. Thus, minute as they are, it would be somewhat awkward for us if they were not checked. And nowhere does the check operate so efficiently as by the shore on a bright day. Plenty of oxygen and plenty of sun make living a difficult matter for bacteria. So it is that the invigoration of such atmosphere not only sharpens one's appetite, but quickens perception. Truly there are plenty of things to perceive if there were not so many persons who not only have their fingers all thumbs, but their eyes closed and their ears dull.

What is this "shingle" whose noisy rattle beneath our tread makes such inimitable nature-music? Only pebbles, says the last-arrived visitor. But oh! for time and opportunity to tell the story of these pebbles! Why their shape? Whence the smoothness? How such variety of form and colour and material? Why present here and absent there—now heaped in countless numbers, now conspicuous only by their absence—how come they here at all? Surely these are queries worth the answering. Nor are they so difficult to answer, whilst fairy tales are not more interesting than are the pages of Nature's great book in which these matters are recorded. But here is only the beginning of wonders, for, granted the willingness to look, and the most fascinating marvels are found in the commonest things at hand. What more commonplace than sea-water? Yet really let any one try to imitate it by mixtures of their own, and they will find a task beyond them indeed. But let us leave the chemistry and geology of the seashore for better notice of its living occupants. Even if we take the most ordinary type of place, a score of objects worth our utmost care in noticing spring up before us at once. Sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, sea-mats, possibly sea-anemones, surely starfish, may be reckoned on. A little search will in all probability give us crabs and shrimps. Then, of course, the seaweed is there, crowded all over, especially at certain times of the year, with points of surpassing interest. Thus, instead of merely kicking a heap of seaweed, suppose we spend an hour in patiently examining it. Is there not sufficient reward? First, there is the disentanglement into green, red and white, and if only we might here enter into the description of these even briefly, it would be delightfully easy to show how swiftly the moments would fly. Are all "seaweeds" alike? Really, it seems as if some people thought so. Yet look again.

Even the most common species are quite distinct. We may give them their proper names, and speak of *Fucus vesiculosus*, *F. nodosus*, *F. serratus*, but it will be more to the point to mark well that in the first of these cases the *thallus*, i.e. the expanded flat portion, has a midrib running along each part with air bladders arranged on each side of it; that, in the second case, there is no midrib, and the air bladders are arranged singly; that, in the third, besides the absence of air bladders, the margins are toothed. This is a very elementary lesson in classification, but none the less true and instructive. Then other cases will at once be found in which there is a long brownish tough but elastic stem with a large flat terminal thallus, split up at the margin deeply into apparent fingers. This is known as the Tangle, or *Laminaria digitata*. How do some seaweeds so tightly cling to stones? It is easy to say by their roots—but in what way do these roots act? Even as a boy's sucker does. Being pressed close to the rock, the water pressure in this case takes the place of the air pressure which the boy utilizes. But what about the red seaweeds? These are the beautiful specimens often gathered into frames with a motto—"Call us not weeds, but flowers of the sea." Their true name is the *Florideæ*, or red Algae, of which the species most often found are Polysiphonia, Plocamium, Nemalion. But the peculiarities which justify these names require more careful attention than can be given on the spot. If, however, a can full of them be taken home and examined carefully with a microscope, a more fascinating evening may be spent than with any amount of the usual seaside frivolities.

We must not let the white specimens go without a word. These often pass as seaweed, but they are far enough removed. The little delicate fringed branches are not vegetable at all but animal. Close observation soon shows that each little branchlet is edged like a saw, save that the extremity of each tooth of the saw shows a little cavity. This is the mouth of a cell, and in this little cell there dwelt a single individual. The whole organism consisted of the aggregate of the little cells. Few things are

more beautiful and wonderful than these *Sertulariæ*, especially when viewed with a pocket lens. Each individual is in organic connection with the rest, and the food of the whole is derived from surrounding currents of sea-water.

But a volume not a page would be required if we were to attempt to do justice to each of the familiar objects that must be met in a walk by the shore. Think of all that is involved, from the standpoint of careful examination, not to say exact science, when we speak of the sea urchin with its curious outer coating and still more curious reasons for it; the sea mat, the shrimp, the starfish, with its ten rows of feet and strange power of reproducing another self when mutilated, the sea cucumber, and last, certainly not least, the oyster. But even now we have not mentioned shells or shellfish generally. No shore extends far without specimens of these, whilst in some neighbourhoods, such as the Torbay, assumed by Kingsley, many other and possibly rarer species may be found. But it is fairly certain that before a new species can be discovered and identified so as to add lustre to the discoverer's name, a fair and honest apprenticeship must be served to the common art of observing. And in developing this, the more common the material the better. The worst of it is that write what we may and say what we please, nineteen folk out of twenty *will not* be at the trouble to examine for themselves, and so never taste the real delights of nature-hunting. No doubt it is pleasant to the many to light a pipe and brandish a cane and cover a distance of a few miles. But they might as well be at the favourite modern sport of record-breaking for aught they really see and hear and know of the beauty, and order and wonder and beneficence around them. The walk by the sea might as well be a drive along a track. It is all the more to be lamented. For whether by sea or shore we should walk and talk and act as rational and human beings not only possessing but using and developing all our higher faculties. Else there is no answer to the Master's question of old, "How much then is a man better than a sheep?"

We give a cordial welcome to *Hymns, Supplemental to Existing Collections*, by Mr. Garrett Horder (London, Elliott Stock). All lovers of genuine poetry will rejoice over this book. Mr. Garrett Horder has done his work with singular tact and skill.

JOHN RUSKIN says:—You cannot serve two masters: you must serve one or other. If your work is first with you and your fee second, work is your master, and the Lord of work, who is God. But if your fee is first with you and

your work second, fee is your master, and the lord of fee, who is the devil; and not only the devil, but the lowest of devils. So that you have it in brief terms—work first, so you are God's servant; fee first, you are the fiend's—and it makes a difference, now and for ever, believe me, whether you serve Him, who has on his vesture and thigh written, "King of Kings," and whose service is perfect freedom; or him on whose vesture and thigh is written, "Slave of Slaves," and whose service is perfect slavery.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

By SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A TRUE COMRADE.

It wanted an hour to noon. Irene Revill and Miss Tabitha were sitting in the summer-house, busy on some fancy work. The door was open to the garden, which was gay with a profusion of old-fashioned flowers, and rich with pleasant odours. The village was to the right, but completely hidden from view by "the orchard," which was Miss Tabitha's pride. To the left was the open country, intersected by roads and footpaths, and dotted with plantations, and disfigured with huge heaps of rubbish dug up from underground. The road that ran past the garden branched into three, a hundred yards away. One road led to the station, and then on to Rutherd, several miles away. The second road struck a common, and seemingly led nowhere; the third ran past Granby's Pit, and on to St. Ural Consols.

During the morning Irene and Miss Tabitha had talked of many things, but the conversation had become more and more intermittent as the morning wore away, till at length it ceased altogether. For fully ten minutes they had worked on in absolute silence; each seemed busy with her own thoughts, and to a large extent unconscious of the other's presence.

At length Miss Tabitha laid down her knitting upon her lap, and took off her spectacles. She was a pleasant-faced woman with iron-grey hair, which she wore in ringlets, looped up by the aid of tortoiseshell combs.

"Do you know, Irene," she said, wiping her spectacles with a silk pocket-handkerchief, "I can't help thinking of young Trevanion. You know, dear, I knew his father?"

"Yes, aunty; I've heard you say so before." (Miss Tabitha was not in any way related to Irene, but she liked to be called "aunty," and the younger woman was quite willing to humour her in this.)

"I consider it very unkind of Susan Poad to turn him out of his lodgings as she has done."

"I suppose she has her reasons," Irene answered, without looking up from her work.

"Well, yes; or excuses. People can always find excuses in plenty when they look out for them."

"From her point of view she has been very generous in finding a home for him so long," Irene replied.

"Oh, no doubt; but seeing he has lived with her so long, she need not have sent him adrift just when he was trying to turn over a new leaf."

"It does seem unfortunate, to say the least of it."

"It's very unfortunate, dear. It's enough to send him straight off to the Miners' Arms. I wonder what he will do?"

"I should think he will soon find another place. It did not strike me as a home that one would need to fret very much about losing."

"Perhaps not, but a poor home is better than no shelter at all. And with his habits respectable people won't take him in. Besides, there are not half a dozen people in St. Ural that have room for lodgers. In these parts they do build the cottages so uncomfortably small."

"I have noticed that, aunty, and have often wondered how people with large families manage to stow them all away."

Miss Tabitha laughed. "It requires a good deal of ingenuity, my dear, I can assure you."

"I should think so," was the reply.

"Hosea tells me he's tried everywhere," Miss Tabitha went on after a pause; "and think of it, even Gracey Grig slammed the door in his face."

"Who is Gracey?" Irene asked.

"Oh, no one you need care to know," Miss Tabitha answered shortly; "but it comes hard on a young fellow brought up as he was. You know, dear, I knew his father."

"Yes, aunty."

"A fine, handsome man he was—his son is not to be compared to him—but terribly improvident. Yes, he was terribly improvident, but very handsome; and Miss Tabitha clasped her hands and looked away across the distant fields with a strange, absent look in her eyes.

"But you have to be firm, my dear," she said, at length, with sudden energy. "Yes, you must be firm, however much it costs you. I have always tried to be firm, Irene."

"Yes, aunty."

"I did help the young man at the first. He did not know it, of course; and if he had tried his best, I would have helped him more. But when he seemed determined to go to the bad, then I gave him up. One cannot encourage wickedness, my dear."

"But you think he is trying to reform now?"

"I hope so, dear. I hope so, most sincerely;

and if I can find out that he is really trying his best, why, I—— But what's up, I wonder? Those men in the next field have dropped their scythes and are running for dear life."

"And look, there are several others running down the hill-side," Irene answered.

"Something has happened, you may depend," Miss Tabitha said, rushing out on the lawn.

The next moment there was the tramp of hurrying feet in the road outside, and both women made for the gate.

"Has anything happened?" Miss Tabitha asked of a man who was hurrying by.

"Ay, there's been an accident at Granby's pit," he answered.

"Not serious, I hope," Miss Tabitha said, with uplifted hands.

"They say 'tes very serious," the man answered. "Job Minver and the Doctor be both killed, they do say."

"No, surely. How did it happen?" and Miss Tabitha clasped her hands and grew pale to the lips.

"A hole went off 'bout 'em, ma'am. That's all as be knowed at present;" and the man hurried away.

When Miss Tabitha turned round, she found herself alone; but the next moment Irene emerged from the house with a small parcel in her hand.

"Where are you going?" Miss Tabitha asked quickly.

"To Granby's Pit, aunty. I may be of some service; I once belonged to an Ambulance Corps." And the gate clicked sharply behind her, and the next moment she was running down the road at the speed of the wind.

"I never saw any one like her," Miss Tabitha said reflectively. "She is always thinking how she may help people. Oh dear, I hope the accident is not so bad as they think;" and she went into the house to get her bonnet. "I can't stay wringing my hands here," she reflected. "I must go and see. And then, I knew his father; yes, I knew his father."

When she reached Granby's Pit, she found it almost deserted. Two men stood at the windlass, and half a dozen others were looking down into the black cavern.

"I expected to see quite a crowd," she said in surprise.

"They be all gone down to the mouth of the level, m'm, they be. You see, they won't pull 'em up through the shaft; they'll carry 'em out that way."

"And are they both killed?" she asked anxiously.

"We don't know for sartin, m'm. The Doctor's killed dead enough, they do say; but they think there may be a chance for Job."

Miss Tabitha did not trust herself to ask any more questions. Turning her head quickly to hide the tears, she hurried down the hill-side to the mouth of the "level," and there waited with a constantly increasing crowd for the bodies to be brought out.

The accident that had just happened was unfortunately of but too common occurrence in St. Ural. At the time of which we speak, blasting operations were carried on by the means of rock powder. Dynamite cartridges were almost unknown.

Job and the Doctor had spent the morning in drilling a two-foot hole into the rock; then came the work of blasting. Two inches of powder were first pushed to the end of the hole, then a long piece of safety fuse was attached, then another six inches of powder; then came the "tamping," which consisted of damp gravel and clay, rammed tightly on to the powder, filling up the remaining portion of the hole.

It was in this work of "tamping" that the danger lay. Usually a copper-headed rod was used for this purpose; but on the day in question Trevanion had only a bar of steel.

"Be careful, comrade," Job said, as he handed to him small handfuls of "tamping." "The rock's very hard, an' strikes fire in a moment."

"I know," said Trevanion. "We ought to have had a proper tamping rod."

"You're all right so long as you don't cut the fuse," Job answered. "Keep the rod well away from the sides."

"Never fear," answered Trevanion cheerily, bringing his mallet down on the end of the rod with a click.

The next moment there was a tiny flash and hiss in the hole. Trevanion turned suddenly, and threw his comrade flat on his face, and himself on him. There was no time for a word of explanation or even an exclamation of surprise. A flash, a roar, and then darkness and unconsciousness. They lay half buried beneath a heap of *débris* that had been thrown out by the explosion.

Job, however, was only stunned, and soon recovered consciousness, but he was utterly unable to drag himself from underneath his comrade and the heap of rocks that lay piled upon him. Moreover, the powder smoke was slowly settling upon the floor, and making it more and more difficult to breathe.

"I'd better have been killed outright," was his thought. "But it was kind of the Doctor, all the same. He throwed me down, and lay upon me to protect me, poor fellow; he got all the blast upon himself."

Job tried to speak to his comrade, but he had no power of utterance left. The powder smoke had got into his lungs, and the weight upon him

was slowly but surely crushing out his life. He made one or two desperate efforts to drag himself from underneath the load that lay upon him, but without avail, and finally, with an unspoken prayer upon his lips, abandoned himself to his fate.

Meanwhile the men who were filling kibbles at the bottom of the shaft, hearing the explosion, and seeing nothing of Job and Trevanion, concluded at once that an accident had happened, and after signalling to the surface for help, rushed up the tunnel in search of their comrades. They knew it was a risky thing to do, for powder smoke is nearly as fatal as after-damp; but miners at such times do not stop to weigh consequences. Once or twice they were beaten back, but by keeping their heads low they were able at length to reach the scene of the accident, and began at once to roll away the rocks from their buried comrades. Fortunately other help was at hand, for they were soon overpowered by the smoke, and had to be carried to the foot of the shaft. But as fast as one set of men was overcome by the smoke, others took their place; and so the work went on, till in a few minutes strong and willing hands were bearing the unconscious bodies of Job and Trevanion to the bottom of the shaft.

From the first no hope was entertained of the Doctor. He had borne the whole brunt of the explosion. His body seemed gashed all over with splinters of rock, but in giving his life he had saved his comrade.

Job soon recovered consciousness when he got into the fresh air; and when a little stimulant had been administered to him, he was able to sit up and speak.

"No," he said, in answer to a dozen inquiries, "I don't think I be much hurt, thanks to the Doctor. He's gived his life for me, comrades. He might have got better out of it himself, but he thought of me first. He knowed I had a family. Will some one go an' tell Car'line that I'm still livin'? Poor Doctor! 'Twere very noble of him to give himself for sich as me."

A few minutes later the crowd at the mouth of the level knew that Job had recovered consciousness, and that his comrades were bringing him out; but that the Doctor lay upon the sollar at the bottom of the shaft with a handkerchief over his face.

CHAPTER X.

BACK TO LIFE.

It was left to Irene Revill to discover that Trevanion was not dead. When she pulled the handkerchief from his face, and bent her ear close to his lips, the crowd stood back, wondering and not a little indignant.

"Who was she that she had any right to interfere? An up-country maiden whom no one knew anything about. And as if they didn't know if a man were dead or alive. It wasn't the thing, any way."

And they muttered under their breath and scowled at each other knowingly, while one or two of the women remarked that it was "highly improper."

After a moment or two Irene lifted her head, and turned to Captain Tom who stood near.

"He is not dead, Captain," she said, speaking in low clear tones.

"Are you sure, Miss?" he asked incredulously.

"Quite sure," she answered.

"Then what's us to do with 'un?" interposed Jan Probyn. "He 'aint got no home to go to you know Cap'n; so where's he to be took to?" And the query was caught up by the crowd and ran from lip to lip, and back again.

"The Doctor's living, and there ain't no place to take him to."

Miss Tabitha stood wringing her hands, with a look of perplexity in her eyes. But not for long. Forcing her way through the crowd to where Captain Tom stood, she touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Take him to Ivyholme," she whispered; "you know I knew his father."

"It's very good of you," Captain Tom said.

"Say nothing about it," was the reply.

"Only be quick, for every moment is precious."

"What's she sayin'?" some one inquired on the outskirts of the crowd.

"He's to be took to Ivyholme!" was the reply.

"Never!"

"It's a fact."

"Then give her a cheer. She be the right sort, she be."

And a cheer they gave her which could be heard half a mile away.

For three days and nights Trevanion lay quite unconscious, and the doctor very much feared he would never recover consciousness again. During most of this time Irene kept watch by his side. She felt that it was the least she could do. He had saved her life—she could not forget that; hence to sit by his side now while he lay helpless and unconscious, and moisten his parched and livid lips, was but a small matter after all. Indeed, she esteemed it a great privilege. To pay a debt of gratitude is always a pleasant thing.

On the fourth morning, while she was trying to get a little stimulant between his lips, he slowly opened his eyes and looked at her. He was too exhausted to speak, but the look of recognition in his eyes was patent enough—and

he had such fine eyes too, at least she thought so then.

"Don't try to speak," she said softly, noticing a slight movement of his lips. "Later on, when you get a little strength, you will be able to talk, now I want you to try to take this," and she fetched something from a table near at hand, and began to feed him with a teaspoon.

"There," she said at length, when the small glass was empty, "you have done very well; if you always do so well you will soon get better," and she smiled very sweetly at him, a smile which he tried to return.

For the next ten minutes his eyes followed her everywhere with a pleading, earnest look. Then he fell into a quiet, refreshing sleep, and Irene stole softly out of the room to report progress to Miss Tabitha.

About noon he opened his eyes again, and smiled. It was a real definite smile this time, and Irene responded to it, by giving him some more liquid food. He did not try to speak, and she did not encourage him to make the attempt. He felt he did not care if he never spoke again so long as he might lie there, and watch her moving about the room graceful and beautiful as an angel.

When he had taken all the food she offered him she fetched a wetsponge and towel, and very gently washed and dried his face; then she got a brush, and smoothed away the brown locks from his forehead.

"I can't do much with your hair," she said with a smile, "for your scalp is nearly covered with sticking plaster."

"You are very good." The words came in a whisper, but were very distinct.

"Oh no, nothing of the sort. But don't try to talk yet, wait until you are stronger, and I will talk instead. I guess you will be curious to know how you got here, and all that. So I will tell you."

And she sat down opposite him and looked into his eyes.

"Now the first thing you will be glad to know," she said smilingly, "is, that your comrade Job is not very much the worse. He seems to have got the lee side of you, and so was pretty well protected. Of course we understand how that came about—now don't look distressed, or I shall stop talking."

"No, please don't," he whispered.

"Very well, so long as you are good I will keep on. Let me see, I was talking about Job, wasn't I? Well, when you were brought out, everybody thought you were dead, but that was soon discovered to be a mistake, and then the question arose as to what was to be done with you. But Auntie soon settled that."

"Was she there?"

"Yes, everybody was there nearly. All St. Ural turned out when news of the accident got abroad. But I really don't know what would have become of you if Auntie had not interposed. She had you brought here at once. That was three days ago."

"No?"

"Yes; you have lain unconscious since Monday noon. We had begun to fear it was all over with you."

"You wanted me to recover?" he whispered, looking at her earnestly.

"Of course we did. What an idea! But if you ask so many questions, I shall have to leave you. I know it is not good for you to talk so much; besides, it is time you had your medicine."

He swallowed everything she gave him without even pulling a wry face. When she had wiped his lips, she sat down again.

"You are dreadfully bruised," she said at length, "and your left arm is badly broken."

"Is that all?" he whispered, smiling wistfully.

"I think one or two of your ribs are splintered, but there is nothing else in the way of breakages, I think."

He smiled again and closed his eyes, and then the conversation ceased.

That afternoon a nurse came over from Rutherford Infirmary to take night duty. Dr. Provis, who came at the same time, expressed himself as delighted with the condition of his patient. "Everything will depend now upon good nursing," he said. "Good nursing is more than physic, and as he is certain to be well nursed, why, I think he will pull through." And he rubbed his hands gleefully and walked away.

During the next week Trevanion felt very little pain, except when he attempted to move. So he lay as still as possible, and watched through half-closed eyes his fair and gentle nurse.

Irene often imagined he was asleep when he was quite wide awake. He did not talk much. He was not a great talker at best; perhaps he thought the more. Certain it is that while he lay week after week in that cool, daintily-furnished room, he reflected more seriously upon his past life than ever he had done before, and made any number of good resolutions.

But his chief pleasure lay, not in reflection or introspection, but in watching Irene. She was so dainty and graceful and sweet, and yet so firm and self-reliant, that he never tired of watching her. How strangely they had been thrown together; how wonderfully she had influenced him from the first. Ah! if he might but dare to love her. If he might picture a future in which she

always had a place, what a joy it would be to live!

He knew it was foolish to let his thoughts run in that direction. She was a lady; her every act and tone gave evidence of that, and he—? Bah! he was but a clown at best; a big, hulking ne'er-do-weel; a clod, a sot.

And yet, and yet, there were moments when he felt the throbbings of a higher and nobler manhood in him, when he had a vision of far-reaching possibilities, when hope sprang up in his heart like a great light and illumined all the world.

Such seasons, however, came all too rarely. In the main he despaired of himself. So many failures had weakened his moral fibre, and robbed him of confidence and almost of hope.

Perhaps for this reason he talked so little. Irene did most of the talking, and as the days and weeks passed away and strength came slowly back to him, she would sometimes read aloud, and occasionally sing.

He imagined at first that he would get better directly; that in a week or two at most he would be at his work again. But he learnt after a while that he was more severely injured than he had thought. Complications, which the doctor feared from the first, arose now and then, and sometimes it seemed as though he would never get well again.

When he had been in bed a month, he seemed no nearer recovery than at the beginning. Yet he betrayed no impatience. In spite of weakness and weariness and pain, the soft bed and pleasant, though darkened room, seemed like heaven to him. Sometimes he felt very little desire to get better; he almost feared to go back again into the world of temptation, to lose sight of the sweet face that was dearer than life to him. To get better meant to go back to drudgery and discomfort, to lose the bright presence that now made pain so easy to bear, to miss the voice that made music in his discordant life, to sacrifice everything that was worth living for.

"You must be getting very impatient," Irene said to him one warm, drowsy afternoon a month after the accident.

"No," he answered quietly. "I am not impatient. I am sorry to be such a burden to you and Miss Penwithiel. I did not think I should have troubled you so long. But God knows best."

Irene almost started. It was the first time he had mentioned that sacred name during his illness. And though she had often read to him a Psalm or a chapter out of the New Testament, they had avoided all religious questions in their conversation.

"Yes, that is true," she answered after a pause. "But don't worry yourself by thinking

you are giving us trouble. I am sure Auntie is only too pleased to be of service to you."

"And you?" he questioned.

"I am glad to serve you, also," she answered quietly. "You saved my life once. If I can help to save yours, I shall be very thankful."

"To save a life that is worth saving is a great thing," he answered. "But my life is not worth the saving; I wish it were."

"You should not talk in that way," she said. "You have the world and life before you; and with courage and the help of God you may do great things yet."

"I am not at all certain that I have life before me," he said slowly, and with averted eyes. "I sometimes think I shall never get better, and I don't know that I feel sorry, either. Very likely I shall never be more fit to die than I am now."

"Are you fit now?" she asked after a pause.

"I did not say so," he answered, closing his eyes. "I think I have been forgiven, and that to such as I have been is everything; and I would not like to go back and fall into temptation again."

"If you get better," she said, "you will be a different man."

"Why do you think so?" he asked, suddenly opening his eyes and looking at her.

"For many reasons, some of which I cannot explain. But you will have more faith, for one thing. You will feel if God has spared you, it has been for some worthy end."

"Ah!" he said. "I have sometimes thought of that."

"And besides," she said with a smile, "you will say, 'if those women cared for me and nursed me, it will be ungrateful to go and throw away what they have taken so much trouble to preserve.'"

"It would be very much better that I should die," he said after a pause. "Perhaps I shall."

"Oh, no!" she answered brightly. "You are going to get better."

"Why should I?" he asked plaintively. "What have I to get better for? Put yourself in my place. To lie here in this pleasant room, and hear you talk and sing, and watch the sunlight dancing on the furniture and lighting up the pictures. To hear the wind humming in the pines when it grows dark, and listen for the birds in the morning when the dawn begins to break. Why, it's like heaven to me! I know it's very selfish, but I feel as though I would like to lie here for ever and ever."

"But you will feel differently when you get stronger," she said brightly. "By-and-by you will want to be out and about again. Now I must leave you." And with a pleasant smile she quietly left the room.

(To be continued.)

THE YOUNG PROBATIONER.

THE probationer is everywhere in Scotland. He goes to and fro, seeking a sphere. He has gone through Arts and Divinity. He has received license to preach. And now he wants to find a business. On opening the morning newspaper, he tries to look calm while he reads the "Death" column. Anybody might read the column, and so he tries to think that he is by no means singular in his choice of subject.

Suddenly he sits bolt upright in his chair.

"What is it, dear?" asks his fond mother.

"Nothing at all," he answers at first. Then after a little he says, carelessly, as he opens out the paper, "Old Fairlie, of Glenbucket, is dead."

Thus he refers to the sudden death of the parish minister of Glenbucket.

He isn't unfeeling—not he. But he is anxious to be settled, and one has to be early in the field now-a-days.

He loses no time. He tries to get a hearing in Glenbucket by every means in his power. And it is not always easy. Dozens of letters arrive from young probationers before the week is out, some of them containing no end of testimonials. It is said the "duffers" have the greatest advantage in that line. My authority is a "Stickit Minister." I suppose everybody knows now that a "Stickit Minister" is a probationer who has never succeeded in getting a church.

If my young friend finds an elder in Glenbucket inclined to favour him, he is invited to preach on the leet. There may be two or eight on that leet. The young men are boarded with the elders, who usually take the measure of their man while he is under their roof. Notes are compared afterwards. A very wise young probationer is attentive to the ladies of the family, respectful to the old man, chatty with the boys, and polite to the servants. He knows that he can command several votes by so doing, especially in country churches like Glenbucket.

Then comes the voting and the ordination, and our friend has left the "Probationers."

There are few probationers, however, who fall out of the ranks so easily. Some are years, here and there and everywhere, before the world finds out their value. Such a one was Edward Irving. Nine years did he remain teaching and preaching, and then suddenly the world "discovered" him. But while he had "mused, the fire burned."

Some probationers get impatient, and do all in their power to "attract" congregations. Looks go a long way. Country congregations prefer strong, healthy-looking men. And I heard of one old woman who determined to vote for "the curly-headed ane." A "little minister" may do

bravely if he shows signs of extreme cleverness, and is not odd in his manner. Speaking of little men being odd, I once, long ago, saw Dr. Candlish look very queer. He was "opening" a country church which had lately been "done up" in some way, and came in from the manse dressed in gown, bands, and a Scotch bonnet on his head. He was half-way to the pulpit before he discovered that the bonnet was still on. He was the oddest-looking figure I ever saw. If the young probationer is little and nice, he does not astonish congregations in that manner. There are many probationers, though, who have little odd ways intentionally connected with each sermon. There are private marks studied before a looking-glass that mean, "Here I lift my hand"—"Here I look round the congregation"—"Here I pause and sigh."

A young probationer whom I knew had a sermon on "Jacob's ladder." It was really a fine sermon.

"So you had Brown preaching? What was his text?" said one elder to an elder of another congregation.

"He was on Jacob's ladder——"

"He would leave the pulpit, and go slowly down the stairs, and out by the side-door, and return with his sermon in his hand, just while you sang the second hymn."

"Yes," said the other, much astonished. "Why? How do you know?"

"Because I've seen him do it. He always does that when he preaches that sermon."

I heard of one probationer who, for years, never could get called to a church. He was really clever, but he *read* his discourse, and it was in former times when sermons were less commonly read. One Saturday night he arrived late at a country manse. Next morning he discovered that he had lost the key of his bag. He could not get a clean collar; but worse than that, he could not *get his sermon*. The bell was ringing. What was he to do? There was a sermon he had preached so often, that he might get through the *heads*, but no more. He went up to the pulpit, gave out the text and heads, and then *spoke*. "Made a perfect ass of myself," he said afterwards. Next morning, when an elder was driving him to the station, he said, slowly, "You'll get the call. You're the only one that can preach without the paper." The minister said nothing. In due time he was ordained, and as long as he was minister there, tried to keep faith with his people by learning his sermon off by heart.

Sometimes mistakes happen, and two probationers arrive on the same day to preach. One

minister whom I knew used to tell of a time when such a mistake had nearly kept him out of the pulpit. He arrived at a church and went into the session house. There he found another fellow dressed in the gown, standing, touching himself up, before the looking-glass. This was too much for Number One. He took in the situation at a glance. The bells were ringing; the congregation were assembled; there was no time to debate matters. Locking the door behind him, he said: "Look here, I have been invited here to preach. Give me that gown." "Not I," said the other, turning round. "I was invited to preach. *You* have come on the wrong day. I'm not going to take off the gown." "We'll see about that," said the probationer, flinging off his coat. "Come on. We'll fight for it." He was in grim earnest, and more than a match for Number Two. The gown was taken

off. Number One quickly put it on, unlocked the door, and marched gravely to the pulpit, leaving the enemy behind him.

Where do all the old probationers go to?

Some marry rich wives, and publish books of sermons. Some turn to literature, some to medicine, and some—very few—go back to business. A baker sold his business, studied, and became a probationer. Then, when nearly starving, he found out that his old business was enriching his successor. So the probationer went back to baking, invented a new kind of biscuit, made a fortune, kept a yacht, and lectured now and then on his adventures by sea. And then, when every one thought the man was contented, he gave his business to his sons, became a probationer again, and died in harness in a small mission church.

AGNES MARCHBANK.

THE GUIDING LIGHT.

BY THE REV. S. BARING GOULD.

I WAS many years ago travelling among the Pyrenees. Our carriage had to go over a mountain, by a road which ran for a great part of the way along the edge of a frightful precipice. The rocks descended to a vast depth, and the river roared below out of sight. There was no wall or hedge on the side of the road. At the post-house at the bottom of the pass we were given horses and a postman to drive them, and we started.

Night fell before we reached our destination, black with heavy clouds, obscuring the stars. The horses were wild, unbroken-in colts, and they plunged from side to side. Whether the driver had been drinking, or had lost his head in the excitement, I cannot say, but he was perfectly unable to control the horses. They dashed from side to side of the road, and the carriage rocked, and the wheels grazed the edge. Every moment we expected one of the horses or the carriage to roll over the edge, when we should all have been dashed to pieces. I was then a little boy, and I sat on my mother's lap. My father, not knowing the danger, had walked on from the post-house by a short cut over the mountains to the inn at the top of the pass, where we were to spend the night.

My mother prepared for her end. The horses

were plunging and racing about, so that it was impossible to descend from the carriage. She kissed me, and bade me say my prayers, and her lips moved in prayer also. I felt a shudder run through her at each sway of the carriage towards the edge. All at once, above us, shone out a bright light. The postman shouted, the horses seemed to become less restive. A strong hand was laid on their reins, the carriage was stopped, and my father's voice was heard. He had arrived at the top of the pass long before us, and, uneasy at the delay, had walked down to meet us. The light we saw was in a window of the post-house, set as a guide to travellers.

I cannot describe to you the relief, the joy, that rose in our hearts when we saw that guiding light, and when we heard the voice. We knew then that we were safe; following the ray of light, we should reach our place of rest; guided by the firm hand on the bits of the untamed horses, we should be safe from being flung down the abyss. Our course through life is like that mountain journey. These wild, undisciplined horses, ready to bring us to destruction, are our passions, the driver is conscience, the light is revealed truth, and He who meets us on our way and guides us is our Heavenly Father.

CRIES of "louder" have been an annoyance to speakers for ages. Sheridan was annoyed by an admirer who continually cried, "Hear! hear!" He prepared a trap for him. In a declamatory passage he demanded, "Where can you find a greater scoundrel?" "Hear! hear!" exclaimed

the man. Sheridan, with mock politeness, thanked him for furnishing the illustration so promptly. A member of the Michigan Legislature thus annoyed said, "If the gentleman would utilize the entire length of his ear, he would have no difficulty in hearing."

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

AMONG the multitude of books there are two that come to us this month which are likely to take a high place in the literature of criticism. The one is Mr. Stopford Brooke's *Tennyson*, the other Professor Drummond's *Ascent of Man*. The first is an attempt to estimate the worth of the greatest and richest mass of poetry which the Victorian age has given us; the other to tell, in popular form, the great story of Evolution, as it affects the making of man. Finality neither of these books aims at nor expects. We are yet too near Tennyson, and too much beneath his spell, to estimate with any adequate justice the ultimate worth of his contribution to poetry, and Evolution is at present in far too vague a phase for any binding conclusions to be formed upon it. Still, we undoubtedly need popular expositions on such themes if we are to gain a fair final estimate, and both these books are popular. They aim not at erudition, but exposition. They are really sermons on a great theme. Neither Mr. Stopford Brooke nor Professor Drummond can help being preachers. Their method is homiletical, and each speaks with the sense of a prophetic message. So far these two books belong to the same category, and may be read side by side. The degree of interest they excite will depend upon the tastes of the reader, but the uniting bond is that both are expositions of Evolution, the one from the scientist, the other from the literary expert.

* * *

From Mr. Brooke we expect clear and fine criticism, and here we have it. The book has faults; it is too long, it is a little repetitious, and it occasionally falls into the fault of oratorical appeal. But it also says many things in as fine a form as they will ever be said, and it is characterised by great honesty and vigour of expression. Mr. Brooke has seen and expressed what many of us have felt, that Tennyson really missed the true spirit of his age. He saw life consistently from the point of view of the country squire. The squire of the best type, it should be added; not the rapacious landlord and the High Tory, but the squire of humane temper, who is not unaware of social problems, nor averse to dealing with them in a timid fashion, but who has no faith whatever in the people. The true temper of Tennyson was consistently aristocratic. His ideal of government was government by the strong man. Occasionally he is swept by the current of his age into contact with the bitter realities of what we call un-

exampled progress, but it is only for a moment. He despised commercialism, glorified war, and hated enthusiasm. Mr. Brooke not inaptly describes him as a half-pessimist redeemed by a faith in immortality. The misfortune with Tennyson was that in proportion as the age moved forward he moved back. He was never at any point in advance of his age, and latterly he was wholly out of touch with it. The one truth that never left him was the truth of immortality, though even this was often clouded over. It emerged, however, most brilliantly at the end, and his last volume breathes the spirit of a subdued yet firm and hopeful faith, which is equalled by nothing in his poetry.

* * *

Mr. Brooke says with a touch of satire that when Tennyson talked of a final restitution of society by the force of law, what he really meant was the law and constitution of England. This comes out strikingly in the narrowness of his patriotism. He is the most insular of all our poets. England was for him the centre and circumference of things. He saw nothing noble in that passion for liberty which has made France the martyr of the nations, and which, at the price of martyrdom, has won freedom for Europe. With Tennyson it is "The red fool-fury of the Seine." How differently Browning speaks of France, not to speak of Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley. It is almost impossible that the poetry of Tennyson should ever appeal to Continental nations, simply because it is almost parochially English. It is wrought alone out of English elements, and is never, in the remotest sense, international. Here Mr. Brooke's indictment is scathing: for in all Tennyson's poetry the struggle of Italy for freedom is not named, nor the struggle against slavery by the Northern States of America—certainly the two greatest and most heroic movements of modern times. He does not even write, from a pure art point of view, of Italy, or Spain, or France, or modern Greece, as Browning did. He took no interest in them. He was never upon the side of the armies of freedom. He says nothing really searching and memorable about the miseries of the poor and enslaved, for he knew nothing of them. For my part I am glad that Mr. Brooke has said with such straightforward honesty what some of us have often said with equal conviction, but with no such opportunity of begetting conviction in others such as Mr. Brooke possesses. In the general laudation of Tennyson these defects have

been concealed or forgotten, but the time will come when they will be openly recognised, and mere adulation must make way for honest criticism.

* * *

It is at this point that Mr. Brooke undesignedly joins issue with Professor Drummond. Tennyson was a half-pessimist, touched with a faith in immortality—why? Mr. Brooke shows pretty conclusively that any man who believed in evolution after the fashion of Tennyson could not help being a half-pessimist. The survival of the fittest, even when tinged with a purely poetic faith in immortality, is not in truth an exhilarating doctrine. According to the most sanguine vision, the progress of society toward a better and a perfect life “must be of an almost infinite slowness; so very slow, so very far away, that man in the present is left almost hopeless.” It is very well to cry “Forward,” but the goal seems too remote. If, before the final act in the making of man arrives, æon after æon must pass and touch him into shape, who can avoid despair? It is very well to say, as Tennyson does,—

We are far from the noon of man,

There is time for the race to grow;

but, as Mr. Brooke pertinently says, “Time, when half the world and more are in torture! It ought not to be in a poet to take things so easily.” But that is one of the plain moral effects of a complete faith in evolution as the last word about the universe: it shuts us up in blank fatalism. From fatalism Tennyson was partially saved by the intuition of immortality. In other words, his religious bias overcame the scientific bias, and he was forced to believe, not merely what he could not prove, but what is in itself the most splendid but irrational of improbabilities. It was, after all, the faith of Tennyson alone that gave greatness to his poetry, and a completer faith would have meant yet greater poetry.

* * *

Professor Drummond's book does not profess to be more than a popular statement of the present position of evolution, but as such it is of the greatest possible value. It is in every way a better book than its famous predecessor: more mature in thought, deliberate in statement, and careful in exposition. And with these added qualities it fully maintains Professor Drummond's great reputation for felicity of touch, and marvellous lucidity of style. There is much that appeals to the imagination in the very description of the book which he gives in the preface: “It is a study in embryos, in rudiments, in installations: the scene is the primeval forest; the date the world's dawn.” Not its least beautiful, and certainly its most important, chapter, is that which is called “The Struggle for the Life of Others.” Professor Drummond conclusively

shows that Darwin never meant his great phrase, “*The Struggle for Existence*,” to be treated as inclusive. Indeed, he specifically warned his readers that the term must be applied in its “large and metaphorical sense, including dependence of one being on another.” This struggle for life has always been accompanied by the struggle for the life of others, and this is the missing link in evolution. In other words, the order of the world is profoundly altruistic and sacrificial; the watchword of the world is not alone “Law,” but “Love.” Thus the “path of progress and the path of altruism are one.” The conclusion to which this directly points is, that Christianity, as the greatest altruistic force in the world, is the greatest force in moral evolution; and side by side with the evolution of the body is the greater evolution of the soul. To deal with such a book as this in a summary way is not fair to its importance, and it is to fail in ascertaining its full effect. Let me add, therefore, that I aim in what I have said not to describe the book, but to induce others to master its meanings. Our problem to-day is precisely the problem that weighed on Tennyson all through his life—to reconcile science and religion. To those who feel that such a reconciliation is the prime condition of faith and conduct Professor Drummond will prove, as he has done already to so many, a true guide, philosopher, and friend.

* * *

Turning to the pile of letters which lies before me, I can only say, with an honesty that I trust is not unkind, that I cannot do anything to help any youth to leave a situation for something more congenial, even where the change is desired on the best and highest grounds. For example, *W. P. F.* desires a situation where he can have more time for culture. So do we all. None of us are so ideally placed that we can give all the time we should like toward the training of the mind and the mastery of knowledge. But the very limitations of our opportunity should be a stimulus to our energy. My father used to tell me how after a hard day's work he would sit up far into the night to acquire that culture which had been denied him. It was his custom to save all he could to buy light, and then to buy books, for these midnight studies. Many of us have had to do something similar to this. It does not matter how many hours a day a man works: if he wants knowledge, he will find time for it. Change of state will not help us much; never, indeed, as much as we suppose. Let *W. P. F.*, and all who like him desire a more congenial sphere in life, begin first of all by exhausting the opportunities of their present environment: this in itself will often serve to open the way to the wider opportunity.

There is much truth and pathos in the letter of R. B. (Blackburn), who says that he reads all that I have written on self-culture, but finds himself too weary at night, by the time his work is done, to care for anything but rest. I am in no mood for suggesting any blame, unless it be on the methods of labour which allow so slender a margin of leisure. But I would suggest that even half an hour or an hour a day contains the raw material of opportunity, and could be turned to good use. "Three miles a day makes a thousand miles a year," was one of Galton's wise sayings. Where there is a fixed determination, and a habit formed on that determination, much more may come of it than we suppose in our hours of lassitude and depression.

BRIEF REPLIES.—The habit of which S. D. (Wigan) speaks is a fatal one. Break it off instantly. Far better to suffer all the tortures of insomnia than purchase immunity at such a price.—It is impossible to tell J. C. (Aberdeen) how much money is needed to start life in a new country. As I said last month, I have very little faith in emigration at all. All the American cities are full of the unemployed. If a man is worth his salt, he can get as good a living in Great Britain as anywhere, and in any case it is the height of folly to emigrate without some pretty clear plans.—To advise on the best way of dealing with Life Assurance profits is hardly within my competence; but so far as I can judge by the letter of *Golf*, I should say, By all means add the profits to the policy.—*Erasmus* had better apply to some Bank manager of his acquaintance. Very frequently Colonial Banks pick their men from the English Banks.—It is very easy to write a letter like *B. W.*'s, narrating the inconsistencies of church members. But if I see a bad copy of Raphael or Titian, I don't say, "Raphael must have been a very bad artist, and I don't want to see his works." Rather, the badness of the copy makes me more anxious to see the original. Depend upon it, there must be something Divine in Christ, or so many millions of people would not be anxious to copy Him, and it is well for us to turn our eyes more than we do from the bad copy to the Divine original.—*J.* (Lancashire) can obtain all information relative to Government annuities on application at the Post Office.—*A. C. M.*, before he essays to become a public lecturer, must first of all ascertain whether he has anything to lecture upon. Nowadays the lecturer must be an expert if he expects an audience. He must be the complete master of some branch of science, history, or literature. It is quite time enough when this is accomplished to study elocution with a view to a good delivery.—*B. A.*, who touches the same question, will find that clear enunciation is the first requisite of successful public speech. It is surprising how frequently even popular speakers fail in this respect. Even Lord Rosebery, who is one of the most accomplished speakers in the country, drops

his voice at the end of a sentence, in such a way that the sense of it is often lost. There is more sound and sensible advice in Mr. Spurgeon's *Lectures on Preaching* than in any book I know.—*Self-consciousness*, of which *Beta* and others write me, is a very painful thing, and it can only be cured by the conquest of egoism. It is egoism that makes us conscious of ourselves: as soon as our thoughts go out beyond ourselves, the torment of self-consciousness ceases.—To the correspondents who write me on the fearful habit of self abuse which has ensnared them, I must recommend former numbers of THE YOUNG MAN, in which this subject has been repeatedly dealt with. I cannot each month go over the same ground.

Y. R. (Oldham) touches the most vital of all social difficulties in his letter on competition and co-operation. Undoubtedly, co-operation will secure for the workman a leisure which is now denied him. The whole question may be put thus: Shall I work overtime to make a little more money, and thereby stunt my own mind and help to injure my fellow-workman by an unreasonable competition, or shall I be content with a little less money, and by so doing not merely gain leisure for culture, but in the end benefit myself and my fellows by limiting production to demand? Any one can readily see that the latter course is at once the most rational and the fairest. Only it needs men of strong individuality to begin it. Once begun, it must spread, for its good results will be apparent to all.—There is a very real grievance, stated with both force and moderation, in the letter of a *Mother* (Edinburgh). Nothing is less chivalrous and meaner than the conduct of a man who pays a girl marked attentions for a long period, and then coolly withdraws without reason or apology. There is a promise in action as well as words. I do not mean to say that comradeship between the sexes is impossible, or that young men and women ought not to meet in familiar intercourse quite freely, without being pestered at the first chance about "intentions." But if a young man acts in such a way as to imply that he means marriage, and all the time has no such intention, he is simply a dishonourable scoundrel who ought to be horse-whipped for his pains.—The verses of *Mac* are not without merit, but they sadly lack form. Even in verse a man should have some meaning, and try to express it clearly; but what "Syrenic peals" means I have not the ghost of a notion.—The best book on *Self-Help* is Dr. Smiles' of that title.—*G. F. D.* (Shepton Mallet) must try again. The secret of composition is to use short and expressive words, and as few adjectives as possible. *G. F. D.*'s essay is loaded with unnecessary adjectives.—I thank *Armley* for his generous note. Of course all that I said on the gains of drudgery was meant to apply to conduct in its many various forms. I spoke mostly of drudgery in relation to culture, because it is there that the most pertinent illustrations are found; but the truth is equally applicable to business, as *Armley* will find.

* * * Our next number will contain an ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR DRUMMOND; a COMPLETE STORY by W. J. DAWSON; "FROM

LAND'S END TO JOHN O' GROATS ON MY TRICYCLE," by ARCHDEACON SINCLAIR, "MY FIRST SERMON," By SILAS K. HOCKING, etc., etc.

OUR AMERICAN MAIL.

NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.

THE Connecticut Legislature has enacted severe laws against gambling on horse-racing. The result is that last year there were no trotting races at the Charter Oak Park in Hartford, which has long been distinguished for annual contests of the best trotting-horses in the country for large purses. The owners of the park and promoters of the sport had no doubt that the law would be enforced. But they are reluctant to give up all participation in the sport, which has hitherto made a profitable week for Hartford. They have resolved to try whether it is possible to hold a successful meeting without the usual betting features. The stewards have assigned dates for a meeting, and they say, "We shall announce races, and if they fill, the meeting will be held. We will test conclusively whether trotting meetings can be made to pay without betting." This is brave and sensible. The result will be significant. Will the owners of fast horses take them to Hartford to race for purses only? Are the racing and the premiums and the benefit to horse-breeding sufficient to keep up the interest? Or is the real and most powerful motive the opportunity for gambling? We shall see.

GAMBLING IN NEW YORK STATE.

In view of the efforts now being put forth to suppress betting and gambling by the National Anti-Gambling League, it may be of interest if I say something about Anthony Comstock, the head of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, an organization that has the support of most of the rich men and women of New York who are religiously inclined, and that has for its purpose the crushing out of all gambling and immorality. For years Mr. Comstock has opposed gambling as the chief of all crimes. The now defunct Louisiana Lottery at one time made him a standing offer of £5,000 a year if he would simply keep still and allow the New York branch of the lottery to reopen. In the course of an interview I had some little time ago, and in reply to my question, "To what extent have you succeeded in your crusade against gambling?" Mr. Comstock said, "Hundreds of gamblers have been arrested and convicted, hundreds of places raided, and their paraphernalia seized. Instead of 600 gambling saloons, as there were in this city alone a few years ago, with their doors wide open to all classes and ages, we now have the numbers greatly reduced, and those that attempt to do business do it behind double-barred doors, and guarded by double sentries. Lottery gambling was openly advertised by the Press of the land. To-day, not a newspaper that I know of dares to advertise a lottery. Nine different lotteries, which formerly had open head-quarters in this city, have closed their doors, and one or two only continue to do business secretly here." To my further question, "What is the most common form of gambling, and to what extent does it prevail among young men of the

commercial class?" he said, "Betting on horse-racing and lotteries. It is alarmingly on the increase. In 1887, the legislature of the State of New York sold out the moral interests of this state to the horse-gamblers, and since then crime and poverty have increased, and our young men have fallen by this curse. The lottery is a curse to the poor, an allurements to the weak, and a perpetual menace to the peace of mind of any infected by it. Gambling is becoming more and more deep-rooted, and is more and more destructive of industrious habits. It undermines the principles of common honesty. It is a terrible curse and scourge."

Anthony Comstock's fearlessness is remarkable. Without police support, and accompanied only by several of his own men, he will raid gambling dens and other places kept by desperate and dangerous characters. The disfigurement of his face tells of a foolhardy exploit. While himself unarmed, he hustled a criminal into a closed carriage, without first searching him for weapons. A stab in the dark was the consequence. The brand is a serious hindrance to Comstock in his work. Before receiving it, he was able to go about among wrong-doers unrecognised, but since then identification has been only too easy.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

The secret of the long and active life of David Dudley Field, the great American jurist, who died the other day at the age of eighty-nine, may be found in his published papers. "When I was a young man," he wrote in 1885, "I had very severe headaches. In 1846 I bought a horse, and I have not had a headache since. Every morning I rise at six o'clock. I have done so for forty years. I take an ice-cold bath, dress myself, jump on a horse at seven o'clock, and ride for an hour. I then breakfast and work at my house until eleven o'clock, when I walk down town, a distance of nearly four miles. I remain at my office until three o'clock, then walk home, and dine at six. At seven I sleep for half an hour, after which I am ready for anything. I retire between ten and eleven o'clock. I have done this for over forty years. I attribute my hardihood to horseback-riding. Like Pere Hyacinthe, I must have my claret at dinner. Whiskey, brandy, or any liquid of that kind and tobacco in any form I never touch."

SHOULDN'T STUDY ON SUNDAYS.

President Eliot advises Harvard students not to study on Sundays, and to work ten hours on other days, leaving three for meals, two for exercise, one for calls and social duties, and eight for sleep. Some students, sad to relate, do all their studying on Sundays, and spend the week-days, outside of recitation-rooms, wholly in society, exercise, and eating.

TONY CRANE.

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